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MR. FORSTER AT BRADFORD.

MR. FORSTER'S speech was the complement and corrective of Mr. BRIGHT'S speech at Birmingham. One side of Ministerial life is the despondent side, that which forces itself upon a man with great aims and a gloomy sense of the obstacles that lie in his way. Mr. BRIGHT felt the force of the obstacles that beset his path more than the strength of the efforts which he and his colleagues could make to overcome them. Feeling this, he expressed it according to his habit, in a frank and simple manner; and it was because he so truly represented the stages of growth in experience through which his mind was passing that the public found more pleasure in the amount of personal confidence bestowed by an eminent man thus thinking aloud than disheartened to find Mr. BRIGHT so easily overwhelmed by official difficulties. But there is also another side of Ministerial life, the brighter and more hopeful side, which presents itself as natural to a man who feels that he can work hard and well, and who has found the opportunity of working, and has enough energy and enthusiasm to stir the minds of others into activity. To such a man the prospect of mere hard work is positively cheering; he likes it, and he likes talking about it, and he likes all the people that help him to work. Mr. FORSTER is such a man. He has done much good work already, and he is ready to do a great deal more. He looks with eager expectation to beginning the task of construction, now that in his view enough has been destroyed. A new period has set in, and the duty of the Government is not to repeal laws, to repair past mistakes, or to sweep away abuses, but to construct new systems and to meet new wants, to educate the nation, to prevent crime, to establish new relations between landlords and tenants. Possibly too nice a criticism might quarrel with the assertion that the work of the past has been all destruction, and the work of the future will be all construction. Really, at every period the two do and must go on together. But it shows the vigour and the activity of Mr. FORSTER'S mind that he can imagine himself about to enter on what he perfectly well knows to be the great difficulty of detail which all schemes of construction must present, and yet longs to begin, and is confident of success. Such men in a large degree form the character of the era in which they work. If there are constructive men at the head of affairs, construction will be the order of the day. The great importance of the energy of individuals in public affairs should never be underrated, although Mr. FORSTER with judicious modesty seemed to be unaware of it. He said that the House of Commons would somehow find time to pass the measures which the constituencies desired to have passed, and that the present House of Commons especially was more disposed to work than to talk. This is quite true. The constituencies will be disappointed if the programme of the Government is not carried out next Session, and the sense that this disappointment will be felt will stimulate the Government to frame, and the House of Commons to pass, the measures that are desired. But whether measures can be passed depends on something besides the will of the country and of Parliament; it depends on the capacity of those who frame them, and the good sense and good judgment of those who have charge of them.

Mr. FORSTER was naturally most sanguine and most copious in his remarks with regard to his own special department of Education. Here he is, as it were, on his native heath. He is fired with the thought of the things he has done and the things he has to do. He reviewed the history of the Endowed Schools Bill, and, like all good workers, he was full of kindly feeling and genuine admiration for those who had worked with him. He could not say too much in praise of the Bishop of EXETER, and he was loud in his tribute of homage to Lord DE GREY. It is quite right that Mr. FORSTER should remind the public that Lord DE GREY is supposed to have charge of the

education of the country, for it is so easy to forget it. He could not even see any great difficulty in the religious part of national education. This, which raises so many storms and such fierce contests beforehand, will, he thinks, melt away practically into insignificance when a definite measure is discussed. We can only say that we hope he may be right, and that then his omnibus will go through Temple Bar much more quickly than is expected. In one important respect, however, he really aided its passing by the line which he took in the speech at Bradford. He based the advocacy of national education on what for him is the right ground. So long as the education of the poor is recommended only as an engine of moral improvement, objectors may always say that it is not certain that education does make the poor better, and it is easy to prove from the statistics of crime that many criminals are well educated. Daily experience also convinces all masters and mistresses that the spread of popular education fosters many failings, if not vices, and inspires many false notions. But when education is put, not as a source of moral improvement, but as the necessary condition of England remaining a rich country, there is no more to be said. If the nation is once convinced, as Mr. FORSTER states he is convinced, that the real danger threatening English trade and commerce is the superior education of the people of other countries; if England is really being pushed aside in the great struggle for existence by the nations that have educated their poor better, we may be sure that nothing, not even the religious difficulty, will be allowed to stand in the way of a thorough and comprehensive system of national education in England. We should like to know exactly what are the facts on which the statement that England is losing ground in commerce from want of national education is based, as this is quite a different thing from saying that she is beaten in certain special manufactures by the better technical education of a large number of artisans. French often surpass English work in the arts of design, and the obvious mode to remedy this defect is to give special instruction to the class of persons employed in such occupations. But the popular education in France is very poor, not at all better than that of England, and probably not so good, and what we want to be sure of is, that it is precisely those nations where the popular education is better that are beating England, and that it is through this superiority of popular education that they are succeeding. We are quite prepared to admit the force of any evidence that is given in this direction; but mere assertions and statements will not do what Mr. FORSTER wants. He must make Englishmen believe that their national pre-eminence is at stake unless they forthwith accept a scheme of really good and thoroughly popular education; and, if he can do this, his battle, we quite agree, is won, and England, being wisely alarmed, will soon insist on popular education doing at least as much for it as it does for other nations.

Mr. FORSTER, of course, spoke of Ireland. No Minister could at the present moment speak at all and not speak of Ireland. He naturally gave no information, if he possesses any, as to the character of the measure which the Government are going to propose, but he spoke of it as the one great measure of the Session to which all others must give place, and he rightly asserted that Englishmen are quite as ready and quite as much bound to do justice to Ireland as they were last year. That the Union must at all hazards be maintained was positively asserted by Mr. FORSTER, and the statement met with the warmest support from his audience. He also was clear enough in his views as to the Fenian prisoners. That England dislikes having political prisoners is very true, but the political prisoners now in prison must be kept there until their release can do us no harm. That is the short and simple dictate of common sense, and Mr. FORSTER gave utterance to it in a very unmistakeable way. We wish we could equally agree with him in his interpretation of the present sad state of things in Ireland. He

pronounces himself to be one of those who believe that this state of things is due to the influence of agitators, who see that the good and wise measures of Mr. GLADSTONE are going to cut the ground from under them, and who are therefore obliged to agitate fiercely now, because they see that they will only be able to agitate for a very short time. Mr. FORSTER seemed to suppose that these agitators would be quiet, or comparatively quiet, under a Conservative Government, because then the causes of chronic discontent would be allowed to flourish undisturbed, so that the agitators could afford to wait. But under such a Government as the present, they know their hour is come, they must work while they can work, they must stir up discontent during the very brief space it can possibly last with so many wise statesmen in power. It needs to be a Minister, or a very ardent Ministerialist, to accept this interpretation of Irish affairs. We really do not see one single sign or symptom to corroborate it. The gravity of the present crisis consists precisely in this, that it is not apparently the work of a few agitators. If by these agitators the leading Fenian advisers are meant, it is notorious that they are entreating the people to hold back, not to come into collision with the soldiery, and to rest in confidence that the attitude of a nation in passive despair and disloyalty will do more to overcome the resistance of England than any amount of physical strength. The state of Ireland is to all appearance the state of a people who have suddenly conceived wild hopes, who think they can get anything they want by clamouring for it, who try day by day how much they can defy the law, and who every day find the power of the law fading away before them. This is not the work of agitators; it is the consequence of a wise policy being misapprehended by an ignorant people, and of that leniency in administration which civilized people prize so highly and so justly being, for reasons not without great weight, applied in the case of a semi-barbarous, reckless, and lawless population. The greatest danger we have to fear is that the Ministry should shut their eyes and say there is peace in Ireland when there is no peace. We can only trust that they will be firm in future, and not allow a great measure of justice to be thwarted by the arising of one of those occasions when the fury and alarm of Englishmen sweep away all before them.

THE SPANISH MINISTRY.

THE fears or intrigues which prevented the Duke of GENOA's family from accepting on his behalf the throne of Spain have produced an incidental advantage in the reconstruction of the Ministry; but it is not surprising that Marshal PRIM and his colleagues should have been profoundly irritated by the caprice and bad faith which have disturbed their calculations. According to the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, the mischievous busybodies of the Ultramontane faction have put a pressure on the Duchess of GENOA, as they had previously defeated the candidature of Prince AMADEUS of Italy. Neither the present Spanish Government nor the House of Savoy enjoys the favour of the party which in all parts of Europe struggles to promote ecclesiastical interests at the expense of the temporal welfare of nations. The King of SAXONY has been induced to remonstrate against the elevation of his grandson the Duke of GENOA, and it is not surprising that a weak Italian Princess should sacrifice to spiritual obedience the career which was opened to her son. Marshal PRIM expressly recognises the friendly conduct of the King of ITALY throughout the negotiations; and it might have been supposed that an unavoidable disappointment caused entirely by selfish and personal reasons afforded no ground for the resignation of Señor MARTOS, who had conducted the business as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Marshal PRIM extends to his late colleague the same unbounded eulogy which he habitually bestows on all those who leave his Cabinet, and on all those who join it. The retirement of Señor MARTOS was, in the opinion of the Prime Minister, to be attributed to an exaggerated delicacy, and yet it is probable that the resignation may have been not altogether voluntary. As it lately happened in England that a competent head of a department was sent on a foreign mission because his place was wanted for a troublesome underling, it may have been necessary to vacate the Spanish Ministry of State or of Foreign Affairs to make room for Señor SAGASTA, or rather to create a vacancy in the Ministry of the Interior. Señor SAGASTA had been too pugnacious in the Cortes, and he had maintained and carried to excess the traditional practice of employing administrative power to thwart political opponents. His subordinates were encouraged in treating Republican opinions as a crime, and in straining or exceeding the

authority which had been nominally limited by the new Constitution. It was convenient to remove the zealous Minister to a safer post, especially as the Home Department was the only office which was likely to tempt the ambition of Señor RIVERO. In all Continental countries, not excepting Spain, the Minister of the Interior is only second in importance to the chief of the army. As the new Minister truly said, he sacrificed high dignities and considerable powers in retiring from the Presidency of the Cortes and from the Mayoralty of Madrid. It is evident from his speech that he intends to occupy an independent and commanding position in the Cabinet, although the ultimate control of the national policy will remain with the Prime Minister as long as he is also Minister of War.

The re-union of all the parties which concurred in the dethronement of the QUEEN is represented by the return of Admiral TOPETE to the Cabinet, and it is justified by the arguments of RIVERO, who himself belongs to the advanced Liberal section. He earnestly reminded the Cortes that the revolution which had more than once been attempted by himself and his friends had at last been undertaken and successfully accomplished by Conservative leaders. Neither TOPETE nor SERRANO professed at any time to be Democrats or Progressists, but they at last found that corruption and tyranny had under the government of the QUEEN reached an intolerable height. If all the results which have followed had been foreseen, it may be doubted whether TOPETE would have hoisted a revolutionary flag, or whether SERRANO would have taken the lead in a military revolt. It was their intention to remove the QUEEN and her Ministers with the smallest possible disturbance of the established state of things, and in accordance with their general purpose they proposed to place the Duke and Duchess of MONTENSIER on the vacant throne. The necessity of admitting PRIM into their counsels deprived them of the exclusive conduct of the revolution, and they afterwards prudently concurred in the measures which were required to satisfy the nation. Having claimed for the Conservative Unionists their share in the liberation of the country from misgovernment, RIVERO proceeded to show that they had pledged themselves to join with the Progressists in the establishment of democratic institutions. It is useless to protest against the modern prejudice in favour of universal suffrage. Señor RIVERO holds that every Spaniard has a divine right to a vote, and he is apparently sincere in his belief that the enjoyment of the franchise will ensure the maintenance of freedom. In other countries omnipotent democracies have not been distinguished by exceptional regard for personal rights, but at present opinion in Spain is especially sensitive with respect to the peculiar abuses which have been practised by former Governments. As Minister of the Interior RIVERO promises that he will restrain with the utmost severity all excess of authority on the part of the public functionaries. During his tenure of office there are to be neither arbitrary imprisonments nor attempts to interfere with the freedom of the press; and it may be assumed that the Republicans will be allowed to propagate their doctrines as long as they confine themselves to peaceful agitation. The pledges of a Spanish Minister have hitherto been seldom redeemed, but RIVERO is apparently in earnest; and he would scarcely have resigned his independence unless he had intended to introduce a distinctive and popular policy. He professes a desire to foster by all means in his power municipal independence, and his appeal to the Conservatives implies a purpose of introducing measures which they are likely to find unpalatable. But for the return of TOPETE to the Cabinet, it might be suspected that the reconstructed Ministry was about to prepare the way for a Republic.

It is remarkable that in the course of his elaborate address Señor RIVERO never referred to the form of government which has been in principle adopted by the Cortes. Like many political orators, when he spoke of the Constitution he meant to confine himself to the provisions of which he especially approved. The choice between a Republic and a King is in a legal sense no more an open question than the right of every Spaniard above a certain age to a vote, or than the exemption of the subject from arbitrary imprisonment. It may indeed be contended that the election of a King is not part of the functions of a Home Minister; but Señor RIVERO showed no disposition to restrict himself to the mere business of his department. His official confession of faith was that of a Parliamentary leader, though not of the head of a Government; and if he had been an active supporter of any candidate for the Crown, he would not have been solicitous to conceal his predilection. It is perhaps a condition of his agreement with his colleagues that PRIM and TOPETE should under-

take any future negotiations for the election of a King, while internal policy and administration are subjected to the direction of RIVERO. His pretensions to a general control over public affairs was illustrated by his singular declaration of hopefulness for the financial prosperity of Spain. According to his statement, the country will soon be astonished by the discovery that its fiscal embarrassments are imaginary or transient; and it may be hoped that the public creditor will share in the agreeable surprise. In this respect at least the revolution has hitherto produced no attempt at improvement. A late Finance Minister proposed to destroy the small residue of Spanish credit by imposing an arbitrary tax on dividends; or, in other words, by plundering the fundholder of a portion of his income. The plan has not yet been adopted by the Cortes; but, on the other hand, it has not been avowedly abandoned by the Government. Of all the numerous faults of the fallen dynasty, its habitual dishonesty in dealing with the national debt has seldom been censured since the revolution. Any measure which tended to restore the confidence of capitalists in Spanish integrity or solvency might perhaps promote the financial regeneration which is vaguely foretold by Señor RIVERO; but there is little reason to suppose that the value of Spanish securities is likely to be increased by impending legislation. Notwithstanding the elements of dissension which it includes, the present Government is the strongest which has been formed since the revolution. The restoration of the union among the different factions which form the majority of the Cortes is more significant than their original co-operation. Even the outgoing Ministers profess to be enthusiastic supporters of the policy of their former colleagues; and PRIM's elaborate laudation of past and present allies shows his desire to prevent any unnecessary rupture. Above all, the adhesion of RIVERO will secure the devotion of some new partisans, and the abstinence of many professed Liberals from active opposition. As chief municipal officer and commander of the volunteers of Madrid, he has succeeded in preserving order under many difficulties; and his reputation enables him to enter the Cabinet as almost an equal of the Prime Minister, and as the acknowledged superior of his remaining colleagues. With the exception of CASTELAR, there is probably no more effective orator in the Cortes, and his character gives him even more weight than that which he derives from his powers of debate.

THE PROSECUTION OF M. ROCHEFORT.

IT is unfortunate that the question whether M. ROCHEFORT should be prosecuted was unavoidably mixed up with the previous question, whether the Ministry should bring any pressure to bear on the Corps Législatif to induce it to give the necessary permission. Upon this last-mentioned point the Cabinet came, as we venture to think, to an unwise decision. No doubt it was of great importance to them not to have the Chamber, or even a very large minority of the Chamber, arrayed against them in this their first official act; and opinions are so much divided upon the policy of the prosecution that, if M. OLLIVIER had not announced that he should treat the vote as one of confidence or no confidence, leave might possibly have been refused. But even this result could hardly have been more damaging than the means taken to avert it. Under the circumstances of the hour, to stake the existence of the Cabinet on the authorization of the prosecution was to employ a weapon of extraordinary force for an end which was not, strictly speaking, political. The absence of either of these conditions would have deprived the situation of its peculiar character. If the consent of the Corps Législatif had been demanded to this or that measure, the Ministry would have had a perfect right to say, You must take or reject our policy as a whole, and this is an integral part of our policy. But here this tone was adopted upon a question of Parliamentary privilege. It is at least conceivable that the most thoroughgoing supporters of the Government may hold that this is not an occasion upon which the Corps Législatif ought to withdraw the immunity with which its members are invested, and in that case they will feel a natural irritation at having their political allegiance strained to cover matters which belong to another sphere. If the position of the Cabinet had been less exceptional, this might not have been so great a hardship. It would then have been open to any of their partisans to argue that the very fact of their taking such a course was in itself a reason for going into opposition. But in the present state of France a change of Ministry would be tantamount to a revolution. If the Parliamentary Liberals throw

down their hands in pique or despair, the game must be played out by the Empire and the Republic, with the certain result that, whichever combatant might win, constitutional liberty would be a loser. The alternative apparently left to the Chamber was consequently, as regards all sections of the Liberal party except the Republican, a mere illusion. At this moment it is hard to say what M. OLLIVIER might not ask of the Corps Législatif, supposing that he threatened to resign in the event of refusal. The present Ministry is, to all appearance, the only Parliamentary Cabinet which is possible under NAPOLEON III., and to abandon the attempt to keep such a Cabinet in being would be to precipitate a conflict which the constitutional Liberals are striving their utmost to avert.

When we pass from this incidental aspect of the question, M. OLLIVIER's position, if not absolutely impregnable, becomes immensely stronger. It is clear that if the sort of writing in which M. ROCHEFORT habitually indulges is not to expose him to legal proceedings, the liberty of the press will for the future be tantamount to impunity. The very title of his new journal is a covert suggestion of civil war, and the provocations to insurrection which from time to time appear in it fully bear out the promise of the name. The doctrine that it should be lawful for a man to cry "Aux armes citoyens" in print, though it is not lawful for him to make the same appeal by word of mouth, seems to us a mere superstition. Armed resistance to the Government is either the first of civil duties or the greatest of civil crimes, and whichever be the view taken of it under particular circumstances, the guilt or the glory is the same, whether the call to war be spoken or written. The distinction drawn in M. OLLIVIER's speech between opinion and act is founded on common sense. So long as a writer confines himself to the discussion of abstract doctrines, however mischievous or immoral, he is within his right; argumentative attacks must be repelled, if repelled at all, by argumentative defences. It is not the statement of the major premiss that constitutes an offence; the sting lies in the addition of the minor. A disquisition on the ethics of tyrannicide may be very undesirable reading for the subscribers to the *Marseillaise*, but it is not such matter as ought to bring its purveyor within the grasp of the law. But if to that M. ROCHEFORT subjoins that NAPOLEON III. is a tyrant, the article assumes a very different complexion. It is no longer a mere expression of opinion, it is the suggestion of a course of conduct. If a Government is to sit still under provocations of this kind, a very much smaller amount of disaffection than now exists in France may become a nucleus of revolution. Self-defence is a right of societies as much as of individuals, and a Government which will not strike a blow in its own behalf deserves the destruction which its cowardice is sure to bring upon it. Nor is it desirable to wait to deliver this blow until those at whom it is aimed have perfected their preparations, and are ready to meet force by force. In the present state of Paris, an outbreak must inevitably follow upon the continued circulation of revolutionary appeals. If M. NORT's funeral had taken place in the city itself, it is hardly possible that a conflict could have been avoided the other day; and when a large part of the population is thus excited, an occasion is sure to present itself before long. If M. OLLIVIER and his colleagues had waited patiently for this to happen, and had then employed the troops at their disposal to give the Parisians a lesson, they would certainly have laid themselves open to the charge which has been brought, not without some show of justice, against the late Ministry. But though an Imperial Cabinet may have had grounds for wishing to demonstrate to what lengths the Republican party were prepared to push matters, a Constitutional Cabinet can cherish no such desire. The object for which they have taken office is to prove that freedom can be attained without the overthrow of the existing framework of government. It is their interest, therefore, to prove that France is on the side of liberty and against revolution, and the most obvious way in which this can be done is by giving the nation the opportunity of supporting the executive in the peaceable suppression of the revolutionary propaganda.

All that could be said against the prosecution of M. ROCHEFORT was said with admirable taste and judgment by M. ERNEST PICARD in the debate of Monday last. It resolved itself at last into a plea for mercy to the offender on the score of the circumstances under which the article selected for attack had been written. In the hands of a skilful advocate much could be made of this position. Whether it might not have been wiser to let this particular article go unchallenged, in the certainty that many

days would not pass without the offence being repeated, is a point on which it is not easy to speak positively. M. OLLIVIER himself admitted that if the article had expressed nothing but the internal agony of a man wounded in his dearest affections, no notice would have been taken of it. But whatever else may have been contained in it, it is impossible to deny that this element was present in it in some degree, and this fact naturally suggests the prudence of selecting an occasion when this palliative was altogether wanting. Brutal insults against the chief of the State are the most legitimate subjects possible of legal proceedings, but if ever they can be excused or overlooked, it is when what looks like a wanton murder has been committed by one of the Imperial house. On the other hand, the Ministry owe a duty to the Sovereign under whom they serve, as well as to the country to which they are responsible. They have taken office with the express purpose of showing that Parliamentary institutions are not incompatible with the maintenance of the Bonapartist succession, and it is only natural that they should seize the earliest opportunity of proving to the EMPEROR that they will be more jealous of his just prerogatives than he has of late thought fit to be himself. There seems but little ground, however, for believing that any really important issue has been determined by the decision of the Cabinet to fight M. ROCHEFORT now rather than a week or two hence, and on this article rather than on some one of its successors. It has long been evident that the Parliamentary Empire would inherit all the hatred which Personal Government has been storing up for itself during the eighteen years of its existence; and the real question which now awaits an answer is, whether the Revolutionary or the Constitutional party is the stronger. If, as M. OLLIVIER asserts, the nation is on the side of the Ministry, or if, as M. ROCHEFORT asserts, the nation is on the side of the Republic, we do not see that the result of the struggle can be materially affected by the circumstances under which it has actually arisen. If, indeed, there were any ground for maintaining that M. OLLIVIER has transgressed the limits within which, as a Liberal Minister, he ought to have confined himself, the case would be different. To institute a press prosecution as to the legitimacy of which the Liberal party might feel doubtful would be as fatal a blunder as a French statesman could well commit, since it would sow divisions among the supporters of the Government at a moment when it is of the first importance that they should present a united front to the common enemy. A prosecution of which it is only the opportuneness that can be called in question stands on a wholly different footing.

MR. LONGFIELD ON LAND TENURE IN IRELAND.

AT last we have got a contribution to our knowledge of how land is and ought to be held in Ireland, which comes from a man who has a better clue to the truth than can be derived from driving over the country in cars during a six weeks' tour. Mr. LONGFIELD, for many years Judge of the Landed Estates Court, has published an essay in the volume just issued under the sanction of the Cobden Club, and in a few pages he has put together the results of years of wide experience, keen observation, and shrewd reflection. Not only is he able to speak with authority on a vast variety of practical points, but he is evidently pervaded by a keen desire to do justice to all parties, and he is singularly bold and free in the suggestions he makes. If he sets himself resolutely against the outrageous demands of tenants maddened by the hope that they have suddenly hit on a new road to wealth, he is unsparing in his condemnation of what he considers to be the errors of landlords, and he frankly deplores many of the legal incidents to which the tenure of land is subjected in Ireland. No theories of political economy make him hesitate in pronouncing absenteeism a great evil. As he says, no one can know Ireland and not see how practical and how serious is the mischief caused by the concentration of the ownership of vast tracts of lands in the hands of men who, however liberal and amiable and just, never come there, and have nothing to do with the people and the country. How sweeping are the remedies which can be recommended by a man who is a Privy Councillor, and has been for years a Judge, may be seen from the fact that Mr. LONGFIELD pronounces that the true cure for absenteeism is to do away altogether with primogeniture and strict settlements. This is far too radical a change to be discussed in passing. That it is seriously proposed by such a man at such a time is quite enough to ensure its being discussed sufficiently and seriously in due course; but at any rate the man who proposes it cannot be accused of timidity or of reluctance to wide changes, and

when he denounces fixity of tenure as a certain source of incalculable harm, we may be sure that he does not do so because he is not able to grasp a bold policy. The numerous technical obstacles which the English law throws in the way of transferring land are also lamented by him, and might perhaps be remedied with more general assent. The advantages, too, which the law gives the landlord as against the tenant are, he thinks, among the consequences of the ill-judged application of the English feudal law of land to a society unsuited and unaccustomed to it. But the landlords, and not the law only, are practically often to blame. Wanton and capricious evictions are, Mr. LONGFIELD says, very rare in Ireland, more rare than in England; but the landlords have got into bad habits, which they would do well to abandon. In the first place, where leases exist the landlords often insert covenants which would ruin any tenant who fulfilled them. They are not meant to be fulfilled, but they inspire the tenants with a notion that the lease does not really constitute the agreement under which they hold the land, and the tenure is looked on as depending on custom or the good feeling of the landlord, while on the other hand there is a sense of irritation inspired by the fact that the tenant is in law at the mercy of his landlord. In the next place, leases are too frequently given at rents which the tenant cannot possibly pay. The consequence is that his rent is perpetually in arrear; and he trusts that these arrears will not be enforced, while he knows that he could be evicted if the landlord insisted on his full rights. Punctual payments should be exacted quite as much in the interest of the tenant as of the landlord, and Mr. LONGFIELD proposes that no arrears of rent beyond one year should be recoverable at law. If the landlord gave a lease of fair length at a rent which the land would easily yield to a good farmer, and inserted no covenants except those which the tenant could be expected to observe, there would be as good a tenure as could be wished for in the bulk of Irish properties.

The grievances on which the moderate and wise friends of the tenant insist are, in the opinion of Mr. LONGFIELD, real grievances, and can and should be remedied. In the first place, landlords have not generally the power to grant leases long enough to make good tenants secure. This would be cured by enacting that every tenant for life should have power to grant leases for forty-one years at a rent three-fourths of the estimated value of the land, and the grantor of the lease should be allowed to take a fine for giving the lease. We presume that this suggestion is made to bribe landlords into an anxiety to give long leases. Obviously, the tenant for life gets the fine at the expense of his successors; and it must be looked on as a diminution in the value of the reversion permitted by the State for the encouragement of what is considered good public policy. In the next place, a tenant-at-will makes improvements, and the law as it now stands deprives him of the benefits of those improvements. Mr. LONGFIELD is very positive in his opinion that the amount of improvements really made by tenants in Ireland is exceedingly small, and has consisted much more in the expenditure of rude and fitful labour, such as picking the stones off wild land, than in anything else. Still, the tenants have made some improvements, and would perhaps have made more if the law had been more favourable to them. Sometimes, again, the tenant has sold his interest in the farm, and the purchaser is of course liable to lose his money and be turned out by the landlord. Where the improvements have been made or the tenant-right purchased with the assent, either express or implied, of the landlord, eviction without compensation is very unfair, and the tenant should in such a case be protected by some compensation being exacted from the landlord. As no one now questions this, it is needless to dwell on it. But one feature of the new law of compensation on which Mr. LONGFIELD insists deserves notice. He urges that when a tenant is to be compensated by having so many years' rental assigned to him, the amount of the rental should be decided by the actual agreement which the parties have come to, and not by the estimate of a valuer. One of Mr. LONGFIELD's main objections to fixity of tenure is that the estimates of valuers are necessarily fallacious, and he gives a long list of instances where properties with which he has had officially to do have been valued by different valuers at exceedingly different amounts of rental. The landlord and the tenant know the value of the land in a way which strangers cannot rival; and further, as Mr. LONGFIELD points out, the estimate of the valuer would almost always be the estimate of the tenant, as the valuer would be aware that the public opinion of the district would pronounce him a proper subject for assassination if he gave a

farthing more than the tenant chose to offer. That fixity of tenure would do no good, and would be merely putting a large portion of the rent into the pockets of the tenants for the time being, has often been pointed out. But Mr. LONGFIELD speaks from his long and intimate knowledge of the country where he dwells on the terrible demoralization which would be caused by this gratification of the avarice of the tenant, and which is even now being caused by the expectation the tenants have formed that this bonus is going to be given them in a few months. Mr. LONGFIELD laughs at the notion that there is anything peculiarly Irish in this. Any nation, he says, would have its views of law and order upset if a system of confiscation were proposed for the benefit of people who until quite lately were perfectly satisfied with the bargains they had made. The peasant has been all at once inspired with the belief in certain purely imaginary rights, and it has become in some districts, as Mr. LONGFIELD says, an axiom not to be controverted, that the possession of land, on whatever terms it may have been acquired, is a property which it is unjust to take from him without paying him a large compensation.

There are numerous minor points on which Mr. LONGFIELD furnishes most interesting hints and most valuable information. He discusses, for example, the question whether small farms held in ownership by the cultivators would be a national benefit. In the first place, he says that he is neither in favour of small farms nor against them. The physical structure of the country will decide, he thinks, in the long run whether a small or a large farm will in any particular district pay best, and whichever will pay best is the best. A very considerable portion of the soil of Ireland is of a sort that is not very suitable for large farms, and there small farming will probably continue. But Mr. LONGFIELD does not believe that if the tenants of small farms were, with the assistance of loans from the State, to become proprietors, they would retain the ownership. It would always pay them better to sell and to employ the money in some other way; and they would be constantly tempted to divide their holding into those tiny holdings which a man thinks he can turn to a profit by his own labour and that of his family. These tiny holdings do not answer in Ireland, but Mr. LONGFIELD is not prepared to say that they could not, under any circumstances, pay. They do not pay because the holders are so very ignorant. They wear out the ground, and then have no notion what to do, but to let it lie idle while they beg or starve till it comes round again. Mr. LONGFIELD also gives a salutary warning against the belief that any sudden improvement in Irish agriculture is likely to take place. He inquires very minutely, for example, into the question whether the cultivation of flax, which is one of the chief causes of the wealth of Ulster, could be profitably introduced into Connaught and Munster, and he seems to arrive at the conclusion that the experiment would be so hazardous that it is not worth making. The main reason is, that the cultivation of flax involves a series of very delicate operations, which can only be successfully conducted by trained and practised operators. The peasantry of the South would not know how to conduct them, and the failures through which they would pass in order to gain the requisite knowledge would be so disheartening and so expensive that wise men would hesitate to embark their money in the experiment. The pecuniary results actually obtained in Ireland have also, Mr. LONGFIELD thinks, been greatly overestimated, and many agricultural improvements, such as new machinery, or new kinds of crops, although excellent when tried in suitable localities, do not really bring in a return for the outlay in a poor and backward country like Ireland. To pass a just measure for the protection of the tenants, to make all possible changes in the law that will favour the free and frequent transfer of land from one hand to another, and then to trust to time, is, Mr. LONGFIELD holds, the true policy with regard to Ireland. But then, as he urges, the law when improved must be administered with unhesitating firmness, and we ought to hear no more of the argument that the landlords have no rights, however fairly they may bargain, because they cannot practically enforce them. Nothing can be so ruinous to Ireland as the permanent triumph of violence and crime over law and justice.

FREE TRADE IN FRANCE.

THE late debate in the French Senate, though it related but incidentally to the Treaty of Commerce, suggests doubts of the economic policy of the new Cabinet which, it

may be hoped, will not be confirmed by the result of the subsequent discussion in the Legislative Body. The discussion turned on the Ministerial decree which abolishes some exceptional facilities which had been allowed by similar authority for the importation of partially manufactured articles of cotton and hardware. M. ROUCHER, in an eloquent and elaborate speech remarkable for the knowledge of details which it exhibited, censured the special measure which had been adopted by the Government, and he also took occasion to remonstrate against any return to the doctrines of prohibition or of excessive protection. Although he is evidently a genuine Free-trader, M. ROUCHER thought it either imprudent or inopportune to propound the general truth that commerce between nations ought to be as free as among members of the same political community. He perhaps offended some prejudices when he confined himself to the modest assertion that a trade which needs a protective duty of more than thirty per cent. is rather injurious than beneficial to the producing country. The proposition was intended to suit the case of the Commercial Treaty of 1860, which, after abolishing prohibition, establishes thirty per cent. as the maximum duty which can in any case be levied by a French Custom-house on English goods. The course of the debate showed that many Senators are still unwilling to admit the most rudimentary maxims of political economy. M. LOUVET, Minister of Commerce, and M. BUFFET, Minister of Finance, attempted to occupy a wholly untenable position midway between falsehood or truth, or between right and wrong. They profess not to be devoted either to Protection or to Free-trade, but to be open to the merits of either system as it may affect each particular case; and though it would be rash to affirm that white is black, the Ministers incline to the opinion that white is not, at least universally, so very white. There is really no reason for taxing the consumer in favour of one class of producers which would not be equally applicable to every other branch of industry. BASTIAT'S ironical suggestion that daylight should be artificially excluded for the benefit of lamp-makers and wax and tallow chandlers was a perfectly legitimate corollary from the proposition that silk or cotton or corn ought to be rendered dearer by legislation. In the United States similar professions of impartiality generally represent the deference of timid Free-traders to a deluded public opinion. French politicians who hold that the consumer ought to be plundered only to a limited extent are for the most part Protectionists who are secretly ashamed of holding an obsolete doctrine.

M. ROUCHER maintained his great reputation not so much by the broad assertion of sound principles as by his Parliamentary skill in concentrating his assault on the immediate object of attack. He admitted, for the sake of argument, that it was a legitimate exercise of sovereign power to secure to native producers an absolute or limited monopoly of the home market; but he contended that it was an act of tyranny to restrain free competition abroad. The articles which are affected by the Ministerial decree were, under the previous system, introduced free of duty or at reduced rates, in order that, after receiving an increase of value by manufacturing processes in France, they might ultimately be re-exported. If cotton yarn is thus converted into woven fabrics, or if cloths are printed during their transit through France, it is obvious that the capitalists and workmen who alter the character of the goods earn a legitimate profit, and that they at the same time increase the national commerce. The Senate appeared to agree with the astute orator, who dwelt on the folly and injustice of handicapping French industry in its competition with the manufacturers of Switzerland, of Germany, or of England. As he happily observed, the exclusion of half-worked fabrics is strictly analogous to the taxation of raw material, which is even by the French tariff allowed to enter free of duty. It would, he said, be a singular proceeding to determine that a French racehorse should not be exported for the purposes of the Turf, except on an undertaking that it should carry fifteen per cent. extra weight at Epsom and Newmarket; yet the withdrawal of the temporary facilities increases by the same percentage, not only the price of the articles which will be discouraged or prohibited, but also the cost of the native produce which competes with the imported goods. M. ROUCHER perhaps trusted his audience not to discover that the same argument would apply equally to all other articles which could be used for foreign trade. Unprinted cloths and pig-iron ought undoubtedly to be imported free of duty, but it is impossible to deny that the admission of such articles interferes with a domestic monopoly. The producers of goods which require additional finish are as fairly entitled to protection as any other class of manufacturers. There can be little doubt that in yielding to the reclamations

of interested complainants, the French Ministers have betrayed a leaning to Protectionist doctrines. It happened to suit the purpose both of themselves and of their chief opponent to begin the approaching contest by the discussion of a special and secondary question.

One of the reasons which were assigned for the issue of the late decree was probably an afterthought. M. LOUVER contended that before the commencement of the inquiry into the working of the Commercial Treaty, it was desirable that the practice should exactly coincide with the provisions of the Treaty itself. As the temporary facilities were voluntary acts of the French Government, and of later date than the Treaty, they might, it seems, have caused confusion or misapprehension if they had not been withdrawn. According to this far-fetched theory, the Free-traders have still reason to complain of the decree, because it deprives them of a proof or admission that the Treaty itself had been found in practice too narrow and too restrictive. As the statistics on which the inquiry ought to be based will indicate the results of the temporary facilities, the recent limitation of freedom of trade will not even affect the returns. For the present the Ministers intend not to attack the provisions of the Treaty, and even formally to assume the task of defending it. By a singular arrangement the tariff prescribed by the Treaty is to be embodied in a Government Bill, which will be submitted in succession to the Legislative Body and to the Senate. M. LOUVER significantly adds that the Legislature will have an opportunity of revising and modifying the list of duties; and he apparently implies that the Government will not insist against the wish of a majority on the maintenance of the actual tariff. Even if the duties contained in the schedules of the Treaty are recognised by legislative enactment, a great and pernicious change will have been effected, unless the Executive Government is entrusted with some power of relaxation. The tariff of the Treaty is a maximum which might at the will of the French Government have been reduced; but duties imposed by law can only be diminished by the same paramount authority. The opportunities which are offered for revision are more practically important; and it may be hoped that any Minister who may be charged with the conduct of the Bill will not fail to impress on the Legislature the necessity of accepting or rejecting the Treaty as a whole. It is not, indeed, probable that the relapse of France into a policy of protection would at present cause the adoption of retaliatory measures on the part of England; but if the scanty concessions of 1860 are even partially withdrawn, there can be no reason for continuing in favour of France the right of interfering with any possible English tariff. As the duration of the Treaty was expressly limited, the French people can be accused of no breach of faith if they think fit to derange a commerce which has been found profitable to both nations; but France has no right to expect the renewal of an advantageous bargain, if a part of the consideration is withheld. Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory language of the Ministers of Commerce and Finance, it is possible that the immediate object of the Government may be rather political or constitutional than economic. The party to which M. OLIVIER and the majority of his colleagues belong has always complained of the method by which the EMPEROR contrived to withdraw the readjustment of the tariff from the cognizance of the Legislative Body. The power of concluding a treaty was by a strained interpretation converted into an absolute control over all commercial legislation. It is true that the EMPEROR and M. ROCHER were far in advance of their constitutional opponents; but it is not surprising that the triumphant party should use the occasion of reclaiming a Parliamentary privilege which had been superseded or suspended. The object would be sufficiently attained by the reproduction in a law of the provisions of the Treaty; but it is doubtful whether any numerous body of Frenchmen is capable of appreciating the fundamental principles of political economy. If the question were understood, a large majority would prefer the general welfare to the selfish interests of a few manufacturers.

THE RED RIVER TROUBLES.

MOST persons in these days are familiarized with the enormous extent of the Dominion of Canada, but without an occasional reference to the map one is very apt to forget how small a portion this vast and promising colony forms of the North American territories of the British Crown. Between Canada on the East and Columbia on the West stretches a region so immense as to reduce to comparative insignificance the whole settled area of British North America. It contains lakes many hundred miles long, and rivers compared

to which the St. Lawrence is a trifling stream. Its area surpasses that of the mighty Republic on its borders, and, almost untenanted as it now is, it may one day become the home of countless millions of the English race. Much of it, it is true, is subject to an Arctic climate, some portions are hopelessly sterile, but there remains a vast tract of forest and prairie capable of sustaining a population many times greater than that which now fills the United States. This region is divided into two sections—one known as Rupert's Land, the other as the North-West Territory. Where the one ends and the other begins no one has ever been able to say; but, whatever the boundaries may be, Rupert's Land means all that was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, while the North-West Territory constitutes the wild estate which the Crown still retains in its own hands. Both Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory are almost exclusively tenanted by buffaloes and fur-bearing animals, by sparse tribes of Red Indians, and by the handful of trappers and officers of the Hudson's Bay Company whose scattered forts and trading stations are the only signs of civilization to be found. It was never the policy of the Company to encourage colonization, which would destroy their hunting-grounds; and even under a different rule it would be the work of ages to clear the enormous forests which cover a large portion of this pathless wilderness. But through a long range of the country there stretches a tract of land, itself of vast dimensions according to any European scale, known as the Fertile Belt. Here the interminable forests cease, and wood and prairie intermingled offer the greatest facilities for colonization. Notwithstanding a climate almost more severe than that of Canada, the productiveness of the soil is marvellous, and but for the difficulty of access and the adverse influence of the Company it would long since have been recognised as one of the choicest districts for settlement on the whole North American continent. In a corner of this Fertile Belt there has grown up round Fort Garry, one of the Company's settlements, a little colony of a few thousand men, women, and children. There are white men and red men, and half-breeds more numerous than either. There are so-called Frenchmen and Englishmen, French half-breeds and English half-breeds, and the rest are made up of half-civilized Indians, with a sprinkling of American citizens who have pushed their way forwards from the States. This little community at Red River is separated from the nearest point of Canada by a barren tract which, for want of a few hundred miles of road, is at present almost impassable during a great portion of the year, and their main access to the outer world is through the territory of the United States. Until quite recently the Red River people have lived, not without much jealousy and division between the different races, but still in tolerable tranquillity, under the judicious management of the Hudson's Bay Company. The Governor and officers of the Company exercised substantially absolute sovereignty over the settlers by force of their extraordinary charter, and while their rule continued none of the Red River backwoodsmen seem to have conceived the idea that they were ripe for self-government and independence.

So matters stood when the British Parliament authorized the Dominion of Canada to treat for all the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, and empowered the QUEEN in Council to constitute the whole domain of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory part of the new Dominion. Somewhat similar powers were given for the admission into the Dominion of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, but as these were settled self-governing communities it was provided that they should not be proclaimed part of the Dominion until their governing bodies had assented to the terms of admission. No such proviso was inserted with reference to Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory, they being almost uninhabited, and the little settled corner being under the absolute sway of the Company, who would themselves be parties to the bargain. Under these provisions the Dominion and the Company agreed that in consideration of 300,000*l.*, to be paid on the 1st of December, 1869, the Company should surrender all their rights to the Crown, and it was arranged that thereupon Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory should be annexed by the QUEEN in Council to the Dominion. The effect of this would of course be to transfer the knot of Red River colonists from one master to another. The Dominion would become their autocrat in place of the Company, and it was apparently thought impossible that these people would object to a change which was obviously for their benefit. In place of a hunting Company, whose main object was to keep the country shut out from the world, and who had neither the power nor the will to grant representative institutions, there would be substituted a

Government whose eager desire was to open up roads and railways and to encourage colonization, and the genius of whose institutions most inevitably lead to the speedy enfranchisement of the settlers, who were to be taken over, in the first instance, very much on the footing of those Territories of the United States which have not yet developed out of the embryo into the fulness of State-rights.

And probably everything would have passed off quietly and satisfactorily, but for the unfortunate impetuosity of the Dominion authorities. Long before the 1st of December, and while their purchase-money remained (as it still does) unpaid, they nominated by anticipation a Governor and Council, who were to assume the administration the instant that the bargain was completed. The Governor was a very able man, but he, and almost all his Council, were Canadians, only one or two Red River notables being added to the list. This was enough to excite the prejudices of a wild, rough race, and the matter was made worse by an invasion of a posse of Canadian surveyors, who fell to work measuring the land in a manner very ominous to actual or intending squatters. The utmost suspicion and ill-will having been thus carefully fostered, the Governor approached through the United States, necessarily without troops and in anticipation of his legal authority. The French half-breeds rose to the number of several hundreds, under the leadership of a clever French Canadian adventurer—expelled the Hudson's Bay Governor, whose moral authority was destroyed by the imminent extinction of his powers—seized the property of the Company—drove out those settlers of the other races who ventured to declare themselves loyal—and compelled the unlucky Governor-designate, Mr. M'DOUGALL, to stop short of the frontier at Pembina, in the United States, where he seems to have been energetically interviewed by Americans who did not conceal their delight at his discomfiture. Being unable to get possession, the Dominion has postponed for the moment the completion of the transfer, and we believe that the Hudson's Bay Company still remain, under the Crown, the lawful governors of the Red River Settlement, now represented by six hundred avowed rebels and a generally dissatisfied community. As the district is unapproachable by troops, the Canadian Government could not employ force, even if it desired to do so. Indeed, as the legal right to exercise authority has not yet been transferred to them, and neither can nor will under the circumstances be enforced by the Hudson's Bay Company, the practical result is that the Crown stands face to face with a mob of half-caste Indians, who are altogether out of reach of any compulsory measures. And though they are mad enough to ruin so far as they can the prospects of their settlement, by shutting out the approach of civilization, they have sufficient shrewdness to see how impregnable their position is, and have complacently issued a declaration of independence, in which, on the strength of having occupied by suzerainty a few miles of country at one corner of a continent, they proclaim themselves "The people of Rupert's Land and 'the North-West,'" declare their resolution to defend "their country," and graciously offer to enter into negotiations with the authorities of the neighbouring territories of HER MAJESTY.

If the escapade were not so likely to retard the progress of colonization, and destroy the prosperity of the Red River Settlement itself, the situation would be comical enough—six hundred half-bred savages in undisturbed *de facto* possession of about half of the QUEEN'S dominions, and no possibility of reaching them by any efforts short of those which carried our flag across the wilds of Abyssinia. When the rebels have exhausted their plunder, they will find playing at soldiers a very unprofitable game, and the feuds among the various races exclude the possibility of any permanent organization. The difficulty is therefore certain before very long to solve itself if it is only judiciously let alone. Both the Dominion authorities and the Hudson's Bay Company will probably see the wisdom of exercising a little patience, and will no doubt soon be rewarded by news of the dispersion of Mr. LOUIS RIEL's ambitious half-breeds. In the meantime the QUEEN'S Government has to contemplate a spectacle which, in spite of its whimsical side, is really a little humiliating. But modern Governments in England are not very sensitive on such matters, and there is no fear of Mr. GLADSTONE aggravating the situation by any outbreak of impotent wrath.

LORD RUSSELL.

BY publishing a selection from his Parliamentary speeches and from his despatches, Lord RUSSELL invites the judgment of his contemporaries on two important parts of

his career. The compilation of speeches only extends to the resignation of Lord MELBOURNE's Government in 1841. The despatches were written during Lord RUSSELL's tenure of the Foreign Office from 1859 to the death of Lord PALMERSTON in 1865. Even his harshest critics will be conciliated by the remarkable modesty with which he refers to his own ability and conduct. He declares that he has always felt that his capacity was inferior to that of other statesmen who have held equally high office; and he allows that he has "committed many errors, some of them gross blunders." It is not less true that he has taken part in public affairs among the first statesmen of his time, "himself not least, but honoured of them all." Although tenacity of opinion is not always a virtue in a politician, Lord RUSSELL must be esteemed fortunate in the remarkable consistency which he has exhibited during a Parliamentary life of nearly sixty years. He first entered the House of Commons in 1813, before he was of age; and he will probably speak in the debates of 1870. In 1819 he made his first motion for Parliamentary Reform; in 1831 he introduced the great Reform Bill; in 1866 his Government introduced a second Reform Bill, which had been originally rendered necessary by his own declarations in 1850. It appears that, when he was entrusted by Lord GREY's Government with the conduct of the Reform Bill, his distrust of his own powers as a speaker induced him to request that the duty of reply might devolve on a colleague, and that Mr. GRANT was selected to discharge the duty; but Mr. STANLEY, thrusting aside the indolent veteran, soon assumed the chief management of the debates, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL formed and expressed the opinion that his accomplished rival ought to succeed to the post of leader of the House of Commons on the retirement of Lord ALTHORP. When the vacancy occurred Mr. STANLEY had already left the party, and the Cabinet unanimously selected Lord JOHN RUSSELL for the vacant post. The contest which he sustained with Sir ROBERT PEEL, on not unequal terms, from 1834 to 1841 proved the soundness of the choice which had been made. As an orator Lord JOHN RUSSELL was inferior to Sir ROBERT PEEL, to Lord STANLEY, and perhaps to Sir JAMES GRAHAM; but on most of the questions which were then discussed in Parliament he had the great advantage of being in the right; and in a party sense, as an enthusiastic adherent declared at the time, "he was indeed a leader." The only great legislative achievement of the MELBOURNE Ministry was the Municipal Corporation Act, which, in spite of the hostility of the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord LYNCHURST, was supported by Sir ROBERT PEEL; yet it is doubtful whether any Whig leader except Lord JOHN RUSSELL could have maintained his position so long in the face of the Conservative reaction. During the early part of the struggle the party was held together by the principle that a portion of the Irish Church property should be alienated, and at the last moment Lord JOHN RUSSELL, against the opinion of Lord MELBOURNE, proposed the substitution of a fixed duty on corn for the sliding-scale. On both points the Government was defeated; but if any other issues had been raised, it would scarcely have lasted so long. It was perhaps fortunate for Lord JOHN RUSSELL that he was restrained from action by an Opposition almost equal to his own party in numbers, and far superior in debating power. He has never been conspicuous as an administrator or as a financier, and the assertion of principles suited him better than the construction of measures. When he became himself Prime Minister, with the command of an overwhelming majority, he gradually lost his hold on his party, and his attempt to revive his popularity by the proposal of a new Reform Bill principally caused the transfer of their confidence to Lord PALMERSTON. For the introduction of household suffrage, which he has never approved, no other politician is equally responsible. Having persuaded himself that he had a patent or copyright of Reform, he defeated Lord DERBY's comparatively moderate measure; and when he was outbid by an unscrupulous adversary, he could only acquiesce in helpless astonishment.

As a Foreign Minister Lord RUSSELL, although he incurred some well-founded censures, has received inadequate justice. It is not sufficiently remembered that his chief, the ablest and the most popular Foreign Minister of the present generation, was jointly responsible for all Lord RUSSELL's acts. The principal fault of the FOREIGN SECRETARY himself was a tendency to use censorious and irritating language when it was especially important to diminish as far as possible feelings of annoyance which might be unavoidably provoked. The influence which the English Government exerted in Italian affairs was prompted by sound judgment even more than by generous impulse, and its effect was uniformly beneficial. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL succeeded in dissuading

the Emperor NAPOLEON from persisting in his scheme of an Italian Federation under the Presidency of the POPE, and they prevented him from forcibly interfering with the invasion of Naples by GARIBALDI. In his subsequent refusal to concur in the project of a general Congress Lord RUSSELL displayed much practical wisdom, although, according to his custom, the tone of his despatch was critical and almost satirical. The most elaborate courtesy is due to a powerful ally when it becomes necessary to decline a dangerous and preposterous proposal. The unsuccessful interference of England on behalf of Poland was a mistake in which France and Austria shared; and incidentally the resentment of the Emperor NAPOLEON caused the lucky accident of the abstinence of England and France from a quarrel with Germany in defence of Denmark. Lord RUSSELL has not received the credit which he deserves for his despatch of September, 1862, containing a proposal for an arrangement of the Danish dispute which was equally comprehensive and just. All the German Powers approved of the compromise, and the King of DENMARK would still possess Schleswig and Holstein if his advisers had not been tempted by the mistaken assurances of two or three English journals to reject the salutary counsels of the only Government which regarded Denmark with disinterested friendship. If Lord RUSSELL's negotiations with the American Government during the Civil War and after its close have not been successful, he may console himself with the reflection that the pliability of his successors has only increased the unjust exorbitance of the American demands. His arguments have down to the present moment never been refuted; and although he may perhaps have erred in judgment when he rejected the proposal of an arbitration, his decision may be plausibly defended on principle and by precedent. The jealous regard for the national honour which distinguished both Lord RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON is one of the most indispensable qualities of an English Foreign Minister.

The general impression of Lord RUSSELL's comparative unfitness for diplomatic business is nevertheless well founded. It was his peculiar mission to deduce inferences more or less logical from acknowledged principles, and there is no use in attempting to convince foreign Governments against their will. It may be assumed that a French or German statesman fully understands the arguments for and against the practical conclusion which he seeks to establish. The reasons or motives which cannot conveniently be stated are often the most forcible; and when failure is inevitable, it is better that the disappointment should be attributed to natural obstacles than to the injustice of the cause or to the incapacity of the Minister who has supported it. Mr. CANNING was often blamed for the epigrammatic terseness with which he exposed the absurdities or inconsistencies of his opponents. Lord RUSSELL, having neither the temptation nor the excuse of exuberant wit, had studied human nature only in his own party, and had during his Parliamentary career been more anxious to expose and confute his opponents than to persuade them. For several years he followed his proper vocation of enforcing by practical legislation his own unhesitating interpretation of a Constitution in which he reposed an almost superstitious belief. Born in a time when the Whig party retained much of its aristocratic character, he never doubted that his own class would be able to maintain itself in the guidance of the popular movement. Almost all the advantages which he promised to the country from the first Reform Bill were afterwards enjoyed, with little admixture of evil, for an entire generation. It was Lord JOHN RUSSELL's gravest error that he precipitated, not without a suspicion of personal motives, a change which, now that it has been accomplished, probably inspires him with grave apprehension. As far as patriotism is consistent with unqualified devotion to a party, Lord RUSSELL has deserved well of his country. He has inspired much attachment; he has provoked and justified some animosity; and in his later years he has acquired with dignity in compulsory deposition from the first political rank. Posterity will rank him below PALMERSTON, and far below PELL; nor would Lord RUSSELL affect to have at any time equalled Mr. GLADSTONE in eloquence or intellectual power. As a swimmer with the stream he was skilful and prosperous, and if his course was comparatively easy, he followed the current only because it bore him in the direction in which he would in any case have resolutely chosen to go.

THE RED PRESS OF PARIS.

WHEN it is argued, as it has been done by the *Times*, that it was a mistake in M. OLLIVIER to prosecute the *Marseillaise* on two accounts—first, that the public interest

in the prosecution of M. ROCHEFORT would pale before the interest of the trial of M. PIERRE BONAPARTE; and next, that any press prosecution on the part of a Liberal and constitutional Ministry would be out of harmony with their political principles—we could not help suspecting that these arguments were adduced less with an eye to Paris than to some possible parallel in the case of Fenians and the seditious Irish newspapers. Surely, if M. ROCHEFORT's incendiary ravings could be suppressed, the very moment for dealing with them most safely would be when public attention was otherwise engaged, and when even among his own adherents he was labouring under the imputation of being little better than a personal coward. Whether M. ROCHEFORT and the *Marseillaise* were worth notice at all can only be decided by knowing, what few of us know, the exact nature of the offences of M. ROCHEFORT's writings and those of his party. But when it is added that the late Imperialist policy, avowed and defended by M. MAGNE, of giving the revolutionary press full swing, contrasts favourably with the severity of M. OLLIVIER's Government, we cannot help suspecting a covert justification of Mr. GLADSTONE, and an indirect censure of those among ourselves who have complained of tenderness to Fenians and Irish sedition. One of these points we propose in a summary and desultory way to illustrate, showing by authentic extracts what the character of the Red Press of Paris really is. The further question, whether it is or is not the duty of a constitutional Government to suppress the open advocacy of insurrection and civil war, may be left to answer itself. The *Times* must be understood as arguing that such a necessity can never arise when it implies that in M. ROCHEFORT's case it has not arisen.

After the funeral procession of M. NOIR, otherwise SALOMON, to Neuilly, a secession took place in the staff of the *Marseillaise*. M. GUSTAVE FLOURENS, one of the writers in the *Marseillaise*, was very anxious to play the old part of ANTONY over CÆSAR's corpse, and to

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me.

He had the right elements to which to appeal; as in Rome, so in Paris, the cry was

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

And no doubt the policy of parading the dead NOIR through the streets of Paris, which was that of M. FLOURENS, looked promising. To this bold, if directly insurrectionary, policy M. ROCHEFORT's nerves were not equal, and he declined to countenance it. NOIR was buried peaceably at Neuilly, M. ROCHEFORT assisting from a window. In consequence of the rejection of the advice to carry NOIR's body exposed through Paris streets—that is, to get up an immediate tumult—on the 12th of January, M. FLOURENS resigned all connexion with the *Marseillaise*. On the next day M. ROCHEFORT writes an article in his paper regretting M. FLOURENS's secession, and defending himself and his conduct on the occasion of NOIR's funeral. What he says is in one sense reasonable enough:—We were at Neuilly, almost in the country; to have allowed an outbreak there and then would have been something, on the part of the people, like a siege of Paris garrisoned by 100,000 men. The enemy—that is, the Government—were fully prepared for an outbreak; the case, to be sure, was that in which, as ROBESPIERRE had once remarked, the holiest of duties had become a necessity, but unfortunately the imprudent orators of the clubs had shown their cards, had announced the revolt, and had therefore placed the Government on its guard. M. PIERRE BONAPARTE had not told the whole world that he was going to murder a journalist to-morrow, and therefore he murdered him with entire success. He kept his counsel. We, argues M. ROCHEFORT, must be equally prudent, and we shall be equally successful. Insurrection can only succeed by a trap. I agree with the great poet on the proper aspect of conspirators:—

Sois comme Chéréas, qui vint dans les ténèbres
Seul, muet et masqué.

On the next day, after the publication of this article of M. ROCHEFORT's in the *Marseillaise* of January 16 (last Sunday) M. PASCHAL GROUSSET pursues this theme, and repeats the argument that the insurrection would have had no chance at Neuilly. No, says M. GROUSSET, it is not at the barriers and in strategical avenues that street warfare can be carried out with success. An insurrection must be in the heart of the city, and must consist of a simultaneous attack on certain vital points, on four or five sanctuaries of power. It must take place in the populous and dense quarters, not in the suburbs and wide roads. The conclusion we prefer to give in the energetic language of the original:—

“Elle se fait par poignées de citoyens, disséminées dans la

"ville entière contre des pelotons de soldats et non pas par une seule masse compacte et désarmée, conduite à la boucherie au devant d'une forêt de chassepots.

"La guerre des rues, c'est le combat corps à corps, c'est un demi-million de duels éclatant à la fois sur une surface de quinze lieues carrées, c'est la lutte à chaque fenêtre, sur chaque pavé: ce n'est pas, ce n'a jamais été, ce ne peut pas être une bataille unique sur un front de soixante mètres, avec des murailles, des canons et de la mitraille d'un côté, des poitrines nues de l'autre."

The *Réforme* complains of M. ROCHEFORT's timidity, and in its number of January 20, after observing that M. ROCHEFORT is incapable of understanding the Revolution, quotes one of MIRABEAU's sayings, to the effect that the only argument by which Republicans can now be met must be the argument of the bayonet; and, on reviewing the debate on the proposed press prosecutions, the *Réforme* observes that the whole honours of the discussion were with M. OLLIVIER, that ROCHEFORT was quite unequal to the occasion, and that, instead of defending himself, he ought to have hurled defiance at the Government, and appealed to the people.

We scarcely think that these are inauspicious conditions under which to institute a Government prosecution of the worst offenders against public order in the newspaper press. M. ROCHEFORT is tongue-valiant, or rather—for he is no orator—pen-valiant, and he and his staff openly advocate civil war, barricades, revolution, and street-fighting. But in the Chamber he is not equal to the occasion. Parliamentary life decomposes many demagogues, and had O'CONNELL, a greater man than M. ROCHEFORT, never entered St. Stephen's, he had never been found out to be the *fanfaron* and impostor that he was. But it is not true that the prosecutions of O'CONNELL, even when they failed, were a mistake. They were not, and the severity with which the seditious press of Ireland was once kept down preserved society.

The late French Government was charged, and not perhaps without truth, with connivance with the Communists and Republicans, in order either to precipitate a crisis or to horrify and alarm the *épiciers* mind of Paris by encouraging and fomenting this violent language. It was not so much from a sense of weakness or irresolution that the paternal Government permitted the strong language of the revolutionary press and the fictitious meetings in Paris, as with a deliberate purpose of ripening the social and political abscess before lancing it effectually. It was not the courage of contempt, but the deeper policy of committing the Socialist Republicans to graver, and in the end to intolerable excesses, which was at the bottom of the late policy. This policy could not be M. OLLIVIER's policy. A despotic Government can afford to allow all extreme parties to run riot, in order at its own convenience and at its own time to cut them down in detail. But a constitutional Government cannot wink at any criminal excesses, or at any assaults on public order. Its first duty is to execute the law against crime and excesses without waiting till crime has become not only criminal but odious. Anyhow, whether the prosecution of the *Marseillaise* and the other seditious journals was or was not good policy on M. OLLIVIER's part, the Government ought to have been supported. The *Times* intimates that the Government was to be supported by the vote of M. THIERS, though his own personal convictions were against the prosecution. Such, however, was not the fact. M. THIERS did not vote at all, either in the majority of 222 or in the minority of 34. We can scarcely reconcile this conduct with what in England is considered to be patriotic duty. When the Government, whoever holds the reins, declares that a crisis has arrived, and that it becomes the duty of the Executive to see that the public safety shall be preserved at all hazards, then an English constitutional Opposition always holds it to be its duty to support the Government. Such may be M. THIERS's theory; such was not M. THIERS's vote. But we can understand any line of action in M. THIERS, even if he were to intimate his intention to do one thing, and after all to do the reverse.

'89 AND '69.

THE comparison which M. Henri Rochefort has made between the Bonapartes and the Borgias has the advantage of being uncomplimentary. But it lacks the recommendation, not unimportant in a similitude, of being in any essential particular like. Both names, it is true, begin with a B; and alliteration goes for something. There was a Cardinal Borgia who became Pope; and there is a Cardinal Bonaparte who some time or other may become one. In like manner, there is a river in Macedon, and there is a river in Monmouth, and there are salmons in both, from which, to Captain Fluellen's mind, the resemblance between

Alexander of Macedon and Henry of Monmouth stood confessed. The quality which, in M. Rochefort's view, is common to Borgias and Bonapartes is an appetite for assassination. We do not yet know what historic whitewash may some time or other do for Alexander VI. and his son. Their vindicator has not yet come. Archbishop Manning and his sacred historiographer, who have lately accomplished great feats, may perhaps, when the Council is over, try their hands upon these promising heroes. The later Borgias had a saint among them, and tilted down in the course of centuries into respectability. There is at present no beatified Bonaparte, but the calendar is not yet filled. The Borgias proved to be reclaimable, and the Bonapartes, even if we take for the moment M. Rochefort's view of them, may turn out so too. At any rate Napoleon III. is not responsible for the crimes of Napoleon I., and still less is he his cousin's keeper. The mystic bond which united the Corsican brothers of the stage certainly did not hold together the Corsican brothers of history; and it cannot have been transmitted to their descendants.

Without departing from the limits of that alliteration which has evidently suggested M. Rochefort's parallelism, a certain superficial resemblance may perhaps be found between the Bonapartes in 1869-70 and the Bourbons in 1789-90. Eighty years have passed, and France is engaged now in the task which occupied it then. It is trying to make a Constitution and avoid a revolution. The reigning monarch is attempting, with apparently honest intentions, to transform an absolute into a Parliamentary Government. The elections to the Legislative Body in 1869 mark a new era as conclusively as did the elections to the *Tiers Etat* in 1789. M. Rochefort is far enough probably from being a Robespierre; but the return at the present time of the notorious author of the *Lanterne* for a circumscription of Paris is more remarkable than the return of the obscure advocate of Arras by his half-Flemish fellow-provincials seemed in 1789. Between Louis XVI. and Napoleon III. there is probably as little resemblance as between Marie-Antoinette and the Empress Eugénie, or between Prince Napoleon Jerome and *Egalité* Orléans. The brooding student, in turn Italian conspirator and English exile, French prisoner and French ruler, President and Emperor, the mystic socialist of the *Idées Napoléoniennes* and the biographer of Caesar, has little in common with the phlegmatic locksmith on whose innocent imbecility the Nemesis of his race worked itself out. Possibly, if Louis XVI. had had the nerve and heart for a *coup d'état*, his son might have reigned, and left a crown to his descendants. If he had been unable to boast that he was clear of the blood of Frenchmen, France might have been innocent of his blood. The character of Napoleon III. is still, however, an enigma; and it may always remain so. Not only distant critics, but near observers, have hitherto been unable to determine whether he is a resolute or an irresolute man, whether he is a column of iron or, to apply a well-known metaphor, a shaft of soft wood painted like iron. His career, so far as the world is cognizant of it, justifies the impression that he is free from any fatal degree of the infirmity on which the first Restorer of French Liberty made shipwreck. There is every reason to think that he knows his own mind and that of France, that he can tell good advisers from bad, and, in default of wise counsel from others, can take prudent counsel with himself. In only one respect was the position of the French sovereign in 1789 seemingly more favourable than that of the French sovereign now. Louis XVI. had no personal enemies. He had not to confront any irreconcilable Opposition. He had not been the overthrower of French liberty before he essayed to become its restorer. He did not convert a republic into a despotism before transforming despotism into a constitutional monarchy. It is possible, however, that as the guardian of order for a score of years, Napoleon III. has made more friends than Cayenne and the 2nd of December have made enemies; so he himself seems to think, for he has declared that for order he will still be responsible. He asks aid only in the development of liberty. So long as Napoleon III. is the sole guardian of order, French liberty is held only during good behaviour. The tenure *durante bene placito* is in France very precarious. *Seul je le ferai* is a phrase of ill omen in the mouth of a sovereign meeting his Parliament. It fell once with disastrous effect from the lips of Louis XVI. The relation of a constitutional sovereign to the army is not quite the same as that of an autocratic ruler.

It is in some respects a misfortune that the Emperor thus commences his political experiment under conditions of embarrassment and annoyance which grew up at a relatively later period in the corresponding attempt to transform the old monarchy into a constitutional system. He is hindered at the very beginning by a press the character of which is but imperfectly described by the words licentious and slanderous. The extinguished *Lanterne*, and its successor the *Marseillaise*, the *Rappel*, and the *Réveil*, have not yet attained the social infamy which the *Père Duchesne*, the *Ami du Peuple*, and their like, achieved. M. Rochefort and his brother editors stop a degree or two short of the excesses of Hébert, Marat, Tallien, and Gracchus Babeuf. But the line they have drawn is an arbitrary one, and it recedes day by day from the limits of decency and sanity. The Royalist press four-score years ago did not fall much behind the organs of anarchy, and the Imperialist press now keeps up a tolerably equal competition with the journals of revolution. M. Paul de Cassagnac and his friends are not unworthy modern representatives of the writers of the *Actes des Apôtres*. Nearly half a century ago, when many people were dreaming of an era of moral and intellectual persuasion which should supersede the age of violence, an amiable poet

embodied the ideas of the moment in an apologue called *Captain Scord and Captain Pen*. In France now Captain Pen is also Captain Scord. The writing instrument most in vogue seems to bear some analogy to the Roman stylus, and to admit of being used on occasion as a stabbing instrument. The frequency of press duels, the appearance of an order of fighting journalists, and the habitual exchange of coarse insults and affronts, have suggested the suspicion that the Empire has its bravos organized to cow political opposition by personal violence. So nearly eighty years ago Royalism was believed to have its secret assassins, and Republicanism organized its assassin-slayers.

The family politics of the moribund Monarchy of 1789 and of the Empire bear only a fanciful resemblance to each other. It is a tradition of French scandal to see in the Palais Royal the centre of an intrigue against the Tuilleries. If there is no secret understanding between the Emperor and Prince Napoleon Jerome there is no reason to suspect any real misunderstanding. If there is no covert alliance there is not likely to be open breach. The Prince is not perhaps the most scrupulous, any more than he is the most popular or universally esteemed, man in France; but he is not a Philippe Egalité, and his antagonism or independence is confined within limits very narrow and very distinctly recognised. A scandal, which is equally a popular and a Court tradition, discerns in the wife of every French monarch the mainspring of an intrigue against his Ministers and their policy when they are liberal. Probably the Empress did not say of M. Ollivier and his colleagues, "Je ne recevrai jamais ces gens-là." The phrase has got abroad, however; and it is a phrase which Marie-Antoinette might have used of Necker or of Roland. To mention Necker and Roland is to be reminded that M. Ollivier has shown no slight prudence, as the head of a Ministry charged with bringing about a transition in the political system of France, in not assuming an office in which he can conspicuously or disastrously break down. He cannot ruin the credit of France, nor set Europe by the ears, nor stir domestic confusion, as he might do if he presided over the Finances, Foreign Affairs, or the Interior. If he is not as Necker was, a Minister adored, he is the less likely to become, as Necker soon did, a Minister execrated. The deplorable homicide of Auteuil has this slight political or Ministerial compensation, that it has enabled M. Ollivier to take an attitude in regard to a member of the Imperial family which is not only theatrically effective, but has a certain moral impressiveness. Half a century ago Chateaubriand said of the Duke Decazes that his foot had slipped in the blood of the Duke of Berri. In certain conditions of the public mind a Minister's foot might slip as fatally in the blood of a poor Jew shop-boy as in that of a murdered prince, if the shop-boy happened to have been killed by a member of the reigning house. In truth, however, the crime, whatever its character may turn out to be, is a scandal of journalism only. The quality of the killed and that of the killer, Jew shop-boy and Bonapartist prince, are unhappy accidents. An excited populace does not indeed always distinguish between essence and accidents. Still the Emperor is so clear in the matter that the prompt arrest and trial of his cousin may perhaps restore the balance of feeling which seemed once to sway against him. M. Ollivier will not slip in the blood of Victor Noir, otherwise Salomon, or Salomon. There is more risk of his slipping in the ink of M. Rochefort. The excited crowds in Paris and Auteuil which attended one journalist to the funeral of another; the turnout of artisans from the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Faubourg du Temple, and of idlers calling themselves students from the Quartier Latin; the Emperor's presentation of himself to whosoever might care to see him, walking in his garden; the disposition of troops in the Orangery and in one of the wings of the Tuilleries, in the Palais Royal and behind the Champs Elysées; and the Imperial visit to various regiments and to the École Militaire, recall some of the preliminary scenes of the first French Revolution. M. Ollivier himself declining the title of Excellence, the Ministerial costume, and the official residence, might be likened to Roland without buckles on his shoes—if Roland had afterwards consented to put the buckles on. In the fact that M. Rochefort is Viscount of Luçay, and that his friend M. Fonvielle is a marquis, there is some reminiscence of the ostentatious refusal of titles of nobility in the old Revolution, which afterwards, taking the form of law, converted the Marquis Lafayette, rather unwillingly on his part, into the Sieur Mottier, and the Comte Mirabeau, very much to his disgust, into Sieur Riquetti.

These and other superficial resemblances, however, serve only to bring out radical and vital differences and contrasts. Time, like other prolific authors, has tricks of style which he cannot altogether get rid of, and in minor details occasionally repeats himself. But the subject-matter and the scope of the work on which he was engaged in 1789, and of that which occupies him now, have nothing in common. The relations of France to foreign Powers, and of the several orders of Frenchmen to each other, were the elements of danger then; and those elements are wanting now. France is not setting on foot a revolutionary movement dangerous to Emperors and Kings, but following a constitutional one in which Emperors and Kings have preceded her. The privileges and, in a considerable degree, the property of Church and aristocracy have vanished. The career is everywhere open to talent. The Church is manned by peasants in the cassock; the army is officered in fair proportion by peasants in uniform; the land is owned by those who till it. Victorious Sansculottism, to use Mr. Carlyle's

phrase, has got itself breeched; and it understands the anti-revolutionary argument from the breeches pocket. In all these facts there is considerable, if not absolute, security for monarchs and dynasties, who cannot fall without carrying with them much that men are reluctant to destroy.

DÉSŒUVREMENT.

PERHAPS we ought to apologize for using a foreign label, but there is no one English word which gives the full meaning of *désœuvrement*. Only paraphrases and accumulations would convey the many subtle shades contained in it, and paraphrases and accumulations are inconvenient as headings. But if we have not the word, we have a great deal of the thing; for *désœuvrement* is an evil unfortunately not confined to one country or to one class, and even we, with all our boasted Anglo-Saxon energy, have people among us as unoccupied and purposeless as are to be found elsewhere. Certainly we have nothing like the Neapolitan lazzaroni, who pass their lives in dozing in the sun; but that is more because of our climate than our condition, and if our *désœuvrés* people do not doze out of doors, it by no means follows, that they are wide awake within. No state is more unfortunate than this listless want of purpose which has nothing to do, which is interested in nothing, and which has no serious object in life; and the drifting, aimless temperament, which merely waits and does not even watch, is the most disastrous that a man or woman can possess. Feverish energy, wearing itself out on comparative nothings, is better than the indolence which folds its hands and makes neither work nor pleasure; and the most microscopic and restless perception is more healthful than the dull blindness which goes from Dan to Beersheba and finds all barren. If even death itself is only a transmutation of forces—an active and energizing change—what can we say of this worse than mental death? How can we characterize a state which is simply stagnation? Not all of us have our work cut out and laid ready for us to do; very many of us have to seek for objects of interest and to create our own employment; and were it not for the energy which makes work by its own force, the world would still be lying in barbarism—content with the skins of beasts for clothing, and with wild fruits and roots for food. But the *désœuvrés* know nothing of the pleasures of energy, and consequently none of the luxuries of idleness—only its tedium and monotony. Life is a dull round to them of alternate vacancy and mechanical routine; a blank so dead that active pain and positive sorrow would be better for them than the passionless negation of their existence. They love nothing, they hope for nothing, they work for nothing; to-morrow will be as to-day, and to-day is as yesterday was; it is the mere passing of time which they call living—a moral and mental hybernation broken up by no springtime waking.

Though by no means confined to women only, this disastrous state is nevertheless more frequently found with them than with men. It is comparatively rare that a man—at least an Englishman—is born with so little of the activity which characterizes manhood as to rest content without some kind of object for his life, either in work or in pleasure, in study or in vice. But many women are satisfied to remain in an unending *désœuvrement*, a listless supineness that has not even sufficient active energy to fret at its own dullness. We see this kind of thing especially in the country, in the families of the poorer class of gentry. If we except the Sunday school and district visiting, neither of which commends itself as a pleasant occupation to all minds—both in fact needing a little more active energy than we find in the purely *désœuvré* class—what is there for the unmarried daughters of a family to do? There is no question of a profession for any of them. Ideas travel slowly, and root themselves still more slowly, in country places, even yet; and the idea of woman's work, for ladies, is utterly inadmissible by the English gentleman who can leave a modest sufficiency to his daughters—just enough to live on, in the old house and in the old way, without a margin for change or luxuries, but above anything like positive want. There is no possibility then of an active career in art or literature; of going out as a governess, as a hospital nurse, or as a Sister; there is only Home, with the possible and not very probable chance of marriage as the vision of hope in the distant future. The chance is indeed very small and very remote, for there is no one to marry. There are the young collegians who come down in reading parties; the group of Bohemian artists, if the place is picturesque, and not too far from London; the curate; and the new doctor, fresh from the hospitals, who has to make his practice out of the poorer and more outlying *clientèle* of the old and established practitioners of the place. But collegians do not marry, and long engagements are proverbially hazardous; Bohemian artists are even less likely to trouble the surrogate; and the curate and the doctor can at the best marry only one apiece of the many who are waiting. The family keeps neither carriages nor horses, so that the longest tether to which the life can be carried, with the house for the stake, is simply the three or four miles which the girls can walk out and back. And the visiting list is necessarily comprised within this circle. There is, then, absolutely nothing to occupy or interest. The whole day is spent in playing over old music, in needlework, in a little desultory reading, such as is supplied by the local book society; all without other object than that of passing the time. The girls have had nothing like a thorough education in anything; they are not speci-

ally gifted, and what brains they have are dormant and uncultivated; there is not even enough housework to occupy their time, unless they were to send away the servants; besides, domestic work of an active kind is vulgar, and gentlemen and gentlewomen do not allow their daughters to do it. They may help in the housekeeping, which is another thing, and means merely giving out the week's supplies on Monday and ordering the dinner on other days, and which is not an hour's occupation in the week; and they can do a little amateur spudding and raking among the flower-beds when the weather is fine, if they care for the garden; and they can do a great deal of walking if they are strong; and this is all that they can do. There they are, four or five well-looking girls perhaps, of marriageable age, fairly healthy and amiable, and with just so much active power as would carry them creditably through any work that was given them to do, but with not enough origination energy to make them create work for themselves out of nothing. In their quiet uneventful sphere, with the circumscribed radius and the short tether, it would be very difficult for any women but those few who are gifted with unusual energy to create a sufficient human interest; to ordinary young ladies it is impossible. They can but make-believe, even if they try—and they don't try: they can but raise up shadows which they would fain accept as living creatures if they give themselves the trouble to evoke anything at all—and they don't give themselves the trouble. They simply live on from day to day in a state of mental somnolency, hopeless, *désœuvrées*, inactive; just drifting down the smooth slow current of time, with not a ripple nor an eddy by the way.

Quiet families in towns, people who keep no society and live in a self-made desert apart, though in the midst of such a vortex of life, are the same in point of *désœuvrement*; and we find exactly the same history with them as we find with their country cousins, though apparently their circumstances are so different. They cannot work, and they may not play; the utmost dissipation allowed them is to look at the outside of things—to make one of the fringe of spectators lining the streets and windows on a show day—and this but seldom; or to go once or twice a year to the theatre or a concert. So they too just lounge through their life, and pass from girlhood to old age in utter *désœuvrement* and want of object. Year by year the lines about their eyes and brows deepen, their smile gets sadder, their cheeks paler; while the cherished secret romance which even the dulllest life contains gets a colour of its own by age, and a firmness of outline by continual dwelling on, which it had not in the beginning. Perhaps it was a dream built on a tone, a look, a word—may be it was only a half-evolved fancy without any basis whatever; but the imagination of the poor *désœuvrée* has clung to the dream, and the uninteresting dullness of her life has given it a mock vitality which real activity would have destroyed. This want of healthy occupation is the cause of half the hysterical reverie which it is a pretty flattery to call constancy and an enduring regret; and we find it as absolutely, as that heat follows from flame, that the mischievous habit of bewailing an irrevocable past is part of the *désœuvré* condition in the present. People who have real work to do cannot find time for unhealthy regrets, and *désœuvrement* is the most fertile source of sentimentality to be found.

The *désœuvrée* woman of means and middle age, grown grey in her want of purpose, and suddenly taken out of her accustomed groove, is perhaps more at sea than any others. She has been so long accustomed to the daily flowing of certain lines that she cannot break new ground and take up with anything fresh, even if it is only a fresh way of being idle. Her daughter is married; her husband is dead; her friend who was her right hand and manager-in-chief has gone away; she is thrown on her own resources, and her own resources will not carry her through. She generally falls a prey to her maid and a phlegmatic kind of despair, which darkens the remainder of her life without destroying it. She loses even her power of enjoyment, and gets tired before the end of the rubber which is the sole amusement in which she indulges. For *désœuvrement* has that fatal reflex action which everything bad possesses, and its strength is in exact ratio with its duration. Women of this class want taking in hand by the stronger and more energetic. Many even of those who seem to do pretty well as independent workers, men and women alike, would be all the better for being farmed out, and *désœuvrées* women especially want extraneous guidance, and to be set to such work as they can do, but cannot make. An establishment which would utilize their faculties, such as they are, and give them occupation in harmony with their powers, would be a real godsend and salvation to many who would do better if they only knew how, and would save them from stagnation and apathy. But society does not recognise the existence of moral rickets, though the physical are cared for; consequently it has not begun to provide for them as moral rickets. When they do find a place of retreat and adventitious support, it is under another name.

The retired man of business, utterly without object in his new conditions, is another portrait that meets us in country places. He is not fit for magisterial business, he cannot hunt or shoot or fish, he has no literary tastes, and cannot create objects of interest for himself foreign to the whole experience of his life. The idleness which was so delicious when it was a brief season of rest in the midst of his high-pressure work, and the country which was like Paradise when seen in the summer only and at holiday time, are just so much blank dullness now that he has bound himself to the one and fixed himself in the other. When he has spent over every article in the *Times*, potted about his garden

and his stables, and irritated both gardener and groom by interfering in what he does not understand, the day's work is at an end. He has nothing more to do but eat his dinner and sip his wine, doze over the fire for a couple of hours, and go to bed as the clock strikes ten. This is the reality of that long dream of retirement which has been the golden vision of hope to many a man during the heat and burden of the day. The dream is only a dream. Retirement means *désœuvrement*; leisure is tedium; rest is want of occupation truly, but want of interest, want of object, want of purpose as well; and the prosperous man of business, who has retired with a fortune and broken energies, is bored to death with his prosperity, and wishes himself back to his desk or his counter—back to business and something to do. He wonders, on retrospection, what there was in his activity that was distasteful to him; and thinks with regret that perhaps, on the whole, it is better to wear out than to rust out, that *désœuvrement* is a worse state than work at high pressure, and that life with a purpose and an end in view is a nobler thing than one which has nothing in it but idleness, and the main object of which is how best to get rid of time.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

IT is said that the present system of appointment by competitive examination is about to receive a considerable extension. It is difficult to obtain any precise information as to the degree in which that system has hitherto answered the sanguine expectations of its founders. There is a natural jealousy between the officials appointed under the old plan and the rising generation of "competition wallahs" which may perhaps unconsciously colour the judgments of experienced persons. It will be time to inquire into this question when the new plan is more definitely placed before us. Meanwhile it may be well to say a few words upon the general principles which appear to be involved.

Competitive examination was originally advocated on the assumption that it was equivalent to appointment by merit instead of by personal interest. Within certain limits this is plainly true. A man who comes out at the head of an examination list shows that he possesses certain qualities of intellect, whereas a man appointed merely because he is first cousin once removed of the constituent of some member of Parliament may be a consummate idiot. A competitive examination will secure at least that persons appointed to any office for which there is much competition shall not be absolute fools; and as fools are, on the whole, the most mischievous class of mankind, it is no small advantage that they should be strained out from some branches of the public service. In short, if we compare the two systems of appointment by jobbery and appointment by examination, it is highly probable that the last will give us the best class of officials. The tendency of the first plan is to provide for the fools of families at the public expense; the tendency of the second is to encourage the admission of the more energetic and promising youths. It is plain, however, that this advantage is not obtained without a corresponding sacrifice. Competitive examinations, as managed by human beings, do not provide a complete and accurate test of merit, nor even by any means the best test which it is possible to discover. No sane person would ever choose a servant or a confidential clerk by such a process. The fact that a man can correctly answer a certain number of questions in writing is one element to be taken into account in calculating his merit; but it is only one, and, as a rule, by no means the most important. Even as a proof of intelligence it is far from conclusive, and throws next to no light upon his other qualifications. The best of all possible modes of appointment, in any case to which it is applicable, is appointment by a single person. Assuming that a man is really desirous of selecting the best candidate for the vacant post, that he has the necessary knowledge for deciding upon the qualities required, and that he is not subject to undue pressure from without, he can form a far more accurate judgment than any board of examiners which necessarily proceeds upon a mechanical process. Competitive examination does not represent the ideally perfect mode of appointment; but is simply a rough mode of meeting certain evils, whilst abandoning the hope of appointment by merit in its widest sense. It is doing roughly by machinery what can only be done to perfection by individual tact and discretion. In the majority of cases it is no doubt probable that anything like a good system of personal appointment is impossible. We cannot secure the responsibility of the person appointing; the candidates are so numerous that he cannot investigate their claims; the duties are so easy that anybody of ordinary intelligence can discharge them equally well; and it is so much simpler to give such places to interest than to merit that the temptation becomes practically irresistible. It may be fairly argued that in all such cases we should adopt a system which secures at least an approximation to choosing on right principles, because the best system conceivable is out of our power. And at any rate an open competition would be better than the present hybrid scheme, which tries to combine both plans, and causes much disappointment and waste of time to candidates without widening the field sufficiently for any decisive results.

Without disputing the value of this argument, we may point out that there are certain positive evils inherent in almost any system of competitive examination, which should at least be remembered in any proposal for its extension. The competitive system, as we have remarked, lays exclusive stress upon one

kind of merit, and therefore acts to some extent as a positive discouragement to others. It may bind us to take men who are really unfit for their posts. A man who has gained a high place in an examination has a right to an appointment, unless it can be shown that he has some moral or physical defect amounting to a positive disqualification. A curious example of the state of mind which the system encourages may be found in the proposal lately put forward to hold examinations for the Indian Civil Service at Calcutta. If we admit the natives of India in theory, why should we handicap them in practice by the necessity of the long journey to England? Admit that everybody who can attain a certain degree of excellence in classics, mathematics, and so on ought to be appointed, and it follows that we ought to give everybody an equal chance of proving his excellence. Now it may be right (for we need not argue the point) that natives of India should have an equal chance with Englishmen to share in the government of their own country. But the very form of the argument shows how completely one most essential qualification is left out of the question. The first consideration of all, in appointing governors for India, is that they should be able to govern it. There is, to say the least, a *prima facie* presumption that Englishmen can govern Hindoos, arising from the fact that they have governed them for many years. This presumption would not be in the slightest degree affected by the fact that Hindoos at the age of twenty-three can pass a better examination than Englishmen. They might be quicker at mathematics, or languages, or metaphysics, and yet totally incapable of governing at all. Yet it is now suggested that their admission to a share in the government should be left to a test which is almost entirely irrelevant. It may be a difficult question whether they should or should not be admitted, and in what proportions; but the test should be decided on some ground altogether independent of their greater or less intellectual precocity. Yet, in the eyes of some doctrinaires, we are guilty of gross injustice in allowing any consideration to come into play on so important a topic except the simple considerations arising from counting up marks.

Another result of the same principle is of even greater importance. We may credit the competitive system with selecting the best candidates, or, at any rate, a better list of candidates than could be obtained by any easily available method. We may still ask whether it is best for the country at large that this should be done, or that it should be done in this way. The objection is sometimes made, for example, that there is a tendency to get men who are too good for their work. It is always a strong temptation to a young man to turn his brains to account by accepting at once a provision for life; if it comes as the reward of excellence in an intellectual struggle, it acquires a certain factitious glory which makes him value it above its worth. The evil, though it may not be very considerable, is felt in similar cases at the Universities, where it is common to find men regretting the ease with which they were induced at their start in life to settle down in a career which leads to very little ultimate reward. It is still worse when a man, who has perhaps taken a good degree, discounts his early success by sitting down to copy despatches or add up figures for the best years of his life. The evil might be diminished by a better organization of our public offices; but it suggests another, and the most generally interesting, aspect of the case. To throw all the public offices open to competition would be in fact to introduce a system like that which prevails at Oxford or Cambridge. It would amount to offering a very large number of new prizes to be competed for by the pupils of all the schools in the country. The effect upon our educational system would undoubtedly be great, and it might be good so far as a stimulus of this kind is really useful. It is, however, a truth which is gradually coming to be acknowledged, that few things are more mischievous to our educational system than the excessive abuse of the competitive system. For some time reformers supposed that the one thing wanted at the Universities was to throw open all close foundations, and to give every possible reward for eminence in the University examinations. The opinion rested upon the same assumption which we have been discussing, that to promote competition was the same thing as to promote education. We are coming to see that the two things are not only not the same, but that they are in many respects antagonistic. The evil of cram, which has been so often and so ineffectually denounced, is only part of a much wider evil. It is possible to construct an examination which shall be unassailable by cram in the ordinary sense of the word. No one could take a high degree at Oxford or Cambridge who had not, within certain limits, a very thorough knowledge of the subject of the examination. It might not be so easy to secure this result in studies of a more elementary kind; and it will probably be found very difficult effectually to suppress those mischievous parasites of our educational system known as "coaches" or "grinders." It is like the case of fortifications against guns, where the attack and the defence, the examiners and the coaches, alternately get the upper hand. But it is more important to observe that the evil is not materially less where it does not exist in so gross a form. The teaching of the Universities is lowered in tone and narrowed in range by the exclusive regard paid to excellence in examination. When so large a prize is to be won, the examination becomes the end and not the means. Knowledge is studied not for its own sake or to enlarge the mind, but simply as the necessary training for a certain intellectual conflict. It is difficult to introduce new studies, until it can be proved that they will supply equally convenient tests. What is learnt only with a view to make it pay is forgotten as soon as it has been turned to the

desired account. And whilst those who join in the competition have at any rate the advantage of energetic study, those who are outside have no motives for exertion except, it may be, of the athletic kind. These evils, which are necessarily felt at the Universities, are of course exaggerated and come out in a coarser shape in the schools which look up to them. It is already common for a boy to begin a system of competitions before he is twelve years old, and to pass through a gradually ascending scale until he has taken his degree at the University. The Endowed Schools Act was praised, amongst other excellent reasons, because it would make it possible to bring a similar system into active operation amongst even the most elementary schools. A boy is to be enabled to win his way upwards from the lowest classes by a series of intellectual conflicts. Along with much that is good, there are certainly great evils in this exaggeration of a sound principle. It offers a strong inducement to schoolmasters of every degree to neglect the stupid boys and to cram a few clever ones for efforts which are often premature, and never directed with a view to produce the most thorough intellectual culture. It does a young man good, when he has thoroughly studied some subject, to bring himself up to the degree of polish at which he can produce his whole knowledge at a moment's notice. But to be constantly preparing for such exhibitions is not healthy for the competitor, and is still less likely to produce a generally good effect on the educational tone of the country. If a large number of offices were thrown open unreservedly to public competition, it would, amongst other effects, immensely stimulate this process and encourage a one-sided and partial development. The provision that a candidate for any public appointment must have satisfactorily gone through a certain course of training, whether specially adapted for a particular branch of duties or merely a part of the general system of the country, would give an advantageous encouragement to education. Our total want of any general system probably makes any such regulation impracticable for the present. But the alternative of encouraging a number of these competitions is likely rather to distort and interfere with sound modes of instruction than to give them a healthy stimulus. The assumed advantage to the country of getting the most promising youths into its service would be purchased at a heavy price by giving additional impulse to one of the most doubtful tendencies of our present system. We cannot look with unqualified satisfaction upon a change which appears to promise this result, though it may be in many respects an improvement upon the unsatisfactory state of things which at present exists.

THE INFALLIBILIST PETITION.

THE Petition of the obscurantist Bishops to the Council for an immediate and unqualified definition of the infallibilist dogma, which is given at length in the *Times* of Tuesday last, and is said to have received some 400 signatures, is by far the most important move that has taken place since the opening of the Council, both as testing the strength of the contending parties and from its direct tendency to force matters to a crisis. And here we may observe, in passing, that the information supplied by the Occasional Correspondent of the *Times*, who is a very different personage from our old acquaintance the Special Correspondent, may be pretty safely relied on as far as it goes. He is understood to have access to much better authorities than the vague rumours and tittle-tattle of drawing-rooms and clubs, on which most of the newspaper Correspondents, Catholic or Protestant, are mainly dependent; and indeed, if rumour, supported in this case by strong internal evidence, is not at fault, there are few writers beyond the ranks of the *prelatura*—certainly no other Protestant writer—half so well acquainted with the ins and outs of that strange centre of spiritual intrigue, the Roman Curia. His caution against trusting the bold assertions and still bolder denials of the Ultramontane journals, false in substance even when true to the letter, are borne out from a somewhat unexpected quarter. A Roman Correspondent of one of the Catholic papers last week thinks it necessary to warn his readers against attaching any particular value to the news supplied by "the accomplished and amiable lady" who caters for the *Tablet* and its supplement the *Vatican*, which "is often quite as inaccurate as that of its Protestant contemporaries," and is criticized accordingly by the English-speaking bishops at the Council. The writer adds, that so far from "the most perfect unanimity" prevailing among these prelates about defining the new dogma, "the great majority of them" (*sic*) are decidedly opposed to any such definition. We may add, as another instance of studied inaccuracy, that while Cardinal de Luca has not been formally deposed from his office as one of the presiding Cardinals, it is nevertheless quite true that he has been quietly shelved in favour of Cardinal de Angelis—a very pronounced infallibilist—who succeeds to the chief post, nominally held by the late Cardinal Reisach. The new President has, it seems, already complained of the length of the speeches and the inadequate observance of the obligation of secrecy by the Fathers, while the French and American bishops have shown better sense by protesting against the rule of secrecy altogether. And it is a significant fact that Cardinal Antonelli, who at first was supposed to be entirely for the *quies non movet* policy, is now said to feel so strongly the danger of allowing the Opposition to make head that he is bent on pushing through the obnoxious dogma, and quashing the Council as speedily, but with as little show of violence, as possible.

On the other hand, the Archbishop of Paris has at length so far declared himself as to have opened his saloons to the meetings of the anti-infallibilist bishops, of whom 300 have refused to sign the petition drawn up by Monsignors Manning, Deschamps, Spalding, and Mermeillod. A counter-petition is being prepared by the Opposition, but is as yet kept secret for obvious reasons of prudence, as the former petition was kept secret from them. If, however, the Correspondent of the *Standard* is rightly informed—and we suspect there is every probability of it—that they keep entirely to the “inopportune” line of argument, we fully agree with him that this is no less an error of policy than of principle. Nothing can be weaker, whether from ignorance or want of candour, than Dr. Manning’s elaborate argument for the truth of the new dogma, but nothing can be more conclusive to any honest mind than his argument for the duty of proclaiming it, supposing its truth to be admitted. The counter-plea of expediency will not hold water for a moment, and to insinuate objections to the doctrine itself while professing only to urge the imprudence of defining it, as is done in the Orleans Pastoral, is really to trifle with a serious subject, and to forfeit the respect of one party without disarming the hostility of the other. Unless the remonstrants are prepared at once to follow up their petition, if it fails of its immediate purpose, by a direct challenge on the merits of the question, we cannot anticipate for them much prospect of ultimate success. And in any case it is not easy to see why the more straightforward course should not have been adopted from the first. A fresh illustration of the sense in which equal rights are secured to all sides under the shadow of the Vatican is supplied by the refusal to allow Mgr. Dupanloup to print anything at Rome without the official *imprimatur*, which he of course cannot obtain, while the infallibilist petition was printed, with the full connivance at least of the authorities, without any *imprimatur* at all.

And now it is time to turn to the Petition itself. We may premise that, should circumstances seem to require a change of tone, it is quite conceivable that a new one may be substituted of a less pronounced kind, and in that case the very existence of the original form will probably be denied. But the document which has already been circulated will retain its interest as the true expression of the aims of the extreme party, even if it should be found discreet to withdraw it before it has been formally presented. Its remarkable likeness to passages in Archbishop Manning’s Pastoral leaves little room for doubt as to which of the four compilers had the chief hand in its manufacture. The Petition opens by requesting the Council to define, “in words excluding all possibility of doubt,” that the authority of the Roman Pontiff, when prescribing tenets in points of faith and morals to all the faithful, “is supreme, and therefore infallible” (*de errore immunitum*). And then follow the reasons for thinking such a definition “opportune and necessary,” which will not be new to the readers of Dr. Manning’s last brochure on the subject. We presume, under the term “necessary” is to be understood necessarily true, for the first half of the document is occupied with vindicating the truth of the dogma by the usual course of theological proofs from Scripture, tradition, and reason. The primacy of jurisdiction and supreme rule (*magisterii*) of the Pope over the whole Church of Christ is unmistakably taught in Scripture. On this broad assumption we shall merely observe here that the petitioners carefully substitute supreme authority “in universam Ecclesiam” for “in Ecclesiâ Dei et super Ecclesias particulares,” which was all Martin V. ventured to claim in his Bull against Huss at the time of the Council of Constance. The change is sufficiently significant. The next clause appeals to the universal and constant tradition of the Church and the sayings of the Fathers and of very many Councils, in evidence of the judgments of the Pope on faith and morals being irreversible (*irreformabilia*). Our readers do not need to be reminded that the statement would become perfectly accurate by the insertion of a negative. Then follows the garbled version of the Florentine decree, which figures prominently in all Ultramontane documents about the Pope, to the no small discredit of their compilers. And then comes the appeal to “sound reason,” to show that no one can be in communion with the Catholic Church who does not agree with its head, which is of course begging the whole question. But the memorialists immediately add, what is notorious, that there have been and yet are many, “glorying in the Catholic name,” who teach “the perverse doctrine” that a respectful silence is a sufficient submission to Papal decrees, and who are said thereby to abuse their Catholic profession, to dissipate the authority of the Pontiff, and to leave a wide field open for errors. We have next a reference to the zeal of the bishops, “his potissimum temporibus,” to testify to the impugned doctrine of infallibility. This points of course to the Provincial Councils which have been held during the last ten years in some parts of England, Germany, and North America, under the instigation of the Curia and the Jesuits, for the purpose of affirming, or rather approving, decisions on the subject sent ready made from Rome, with the express object of being put to their present use. And then at last we come to what is the real gist of the argument for “opportune,” and is dwelt on with such bitter iteration in Dr. Manning’s Pastoral; namely, that this “Catholic verity” is vehemently assailed—we are evidently to understand by Catholics—in pamphlets and newspapers” (*tam libellis quam ephemeridibus*), and it is therefore become “absolutely necessary” to define it to be Catholic doctrine, because it is notorious that it is very far from corresponding with the unanimous belief of Catholics.

In conclusion, the petition notices two classes of persons who are supposed likely to be unfavourably affected by the definition, with evident reference to the glowing appeals of Dupanloup, Maret, and “Janus,” about shaking the faith of sincere members of the Church, and hopelessly alienating the sympathies of outsiders. The way in which these two objections are dealt with is perhaps the most characteristic portion of the whole document, and marks more openly than any previous avowal of theirs the distinctive temper and policy of the school it represents. “Heretics and schismatics,” they think, or affect to think, would only be drawn closer to the Church by an explicit assertion of the chief foundation on which it rests. To this it is enough to reply, with a recent Catholic writer, that “no one who is moderately acquainted with the history of the Eastern Church and the Protestants will seriously think it conceivable that even any considerable portion of these bodies should ever voluntarily subject itself to the arbitrary power of a single man, extended by the dogma of infallibility beyond even its present limits. Only,” adds the writer, “when all libraries are burnt, and Easterns and Westerns know no more of their own early history than the Maoris in New Zealand know of theirs, and the whole intellectual character and habits of great nations are, by a signal miracle, revolutionized, can such a submission be possible.” That Dr. Manning may have persuaded himself of the contrary is not unlikely; that he will find many men of any mark and experience among his brother bishops to agree with him, we should be surprised to learn. And if his Petition has a numerical majority of subscriptions, as is very likely, it is not impertinent to observe that in such cases names require to be weighed as well as counted. While, however, the petitioners express this sanguine confidence in the converting power of their new dogma over heretics, the first paragraph of their memorial shows that they are far more intent on expelling from the Church such of its members as do not agree with them than on winning the adhesion of fresh recruits. It is no doubt a perfectly true instinct which tells them that, the more the educated classes are got rid of, the easier will it be for the Jesuits and their allies to reduce the rest of the flock to complete subjection. We read accordingly with no surprise the frank and charitable announcement that all Catholic objectors to the new dogma are to be regarded as a public nuisance where they are, “not dreading perpetually to disturb the Catholic people,” and that their departure will be a good riddance. It would be perhaps too bitter a sarcasm to compare the arbitrary and exclusive temper of the infallibilist apostles with St. Paul’s; but we may be permitted to remind them that it contrasts with the spirit of every one of the really great and high-minded champions of Catholicism in these latter days—men such as Bossuet, Lacordaire, Ketteler, Montalembert, Dupanloup, Dollinger, and Newman—no less conspicuously than with all the nobler natures among the foremost Protestant leaders, such as Leibnitz in a former age, Pusey and Maurice in our own. And the contrast is one which neither the world nor the Church is likely easily to forget.

LORD DERBY AT MANCHESTER.

THE world has hardly got accustomed to the new Lord Derby before the bearer of the title resumes the treatment of subjects long associated with the name of Lord Stanley. The first important public meeting attended by the new peer afforded an apt occasion for the display of that quality which will probably be oftenest cited as the most distinctive characteristic of Lord Stanley’s mind—unimpassioned common sense. The dinner at the meeting of the Manchester Prisoners’ Aid Society was under no circumstances calculated to excite enthusiasm in any man. But there are men living now, habitual Presidents at such meetings, who would have created for themselves a certain amount of factitious enthusiasm, and have gone off into a gushing mood on the merits of the Association and the sufferings of its objects. This is one of those things which Lord Derby cannot do. He cannot clothe with hues of romance a career of crime, or pursue with rapturous hope the future life of the discharged criminal. He takes a soberer and, it is said to say, a truer view of men and life, and credits to duty what he refuses to concede to enthusiasm. He has studied statistics too long not to recognise the law of averages. Come what will, you will have such and such an amount of crime. Educate the people as much as you like, multiply schools, build model lodging-houses, yet there will be a certain proportion of your pupils and your lodgers which will take to crime. This is not cheering, but unfortunately it is true. Whatever be the reason for it, the fact exists. There are born into the world a certain number of scamps, and nothing yet devised will get rid of them. It may be the bad blood of the family, it may be temptation at weak moments, it may be fatuity or intense imbecility, or it may be Original Sin; but, whatever be the cause, the fact is beyond doubt. A certain number of men and women are born into the world predestined, it would seem, to idle, thieve, get drunk, create brawls, or commit assaults. The men and women who fulfil this mission are not all nursed in the same sphere of life or under the same untoward circumstances. It was only last week that we had to point out the savage crimes perpetrated by lads of respectable birth, moderate education, comfortable circumstances, and refined manners. There seems no *a priori* reason why youths of this

kind should swell the criminal classes of the kingdom. Yet they do so. And if these do, of course other youths born and nurtured under less favourable circumstances do so in a still greater degree. Lord Derby cannot, therefore, be very far from the truth when he tells us that we shall have the criminal classes always with us.

But though this be true, it need not be disheartening. Had people reasoned from this as an axiom eighty years ago, our social condition would have been terrible in the present day. Extreme punishments inflicted with unjust impartiality, unmitigated by any reformatory and unrelieved by any preventive measures, would have accumulated such a mass of criminal matter that our social relations would become intolerable. What has been done in the way of education and reformation must be regarded as having kept crime below a degree to which it was tending, and at which, if it had ever arrived there, it would have been perfectly unmanageable. In the same way we trust that the philanthropic measures now in vogue will help to prevent the expansion of crime, and restrain it within the dimensions at which it can be fairly grappled with. Of the Association over which Lord Derby presided we have spoken on other occasions. It is established for an object as useful as it is benevolent; that of helping prisoners discharged on the completion of their imprisonment to get employment and begin an honest life. It was long the curse of the English criminal that he had no other career but that of crime. Whether he had followed it as a profession for years or had yielded to a single temptation made little difference. When he came out of prison there was but one path open to him—that by which he had entered it. The old villanies and the old companions awaited him. If he hoped to resume an honest life, he had no one to help him, and everyone to discourage him. The jeers and taunts of the associates whom he wished to be rid of, and the suspicious vigilance of the police, conspired to make a pursuit of honest labour impossible. He was hunted from pillar to post, until, in sheer hunger and despair, he returned to the courses which had been his ruin. He quickly consummated them in one of two ends, transportation or the scaffold. But before he quitted either his country or his life, he had generally enlisted half a dozen followers in the same campaign of crime as himself. If the poor criminal himself suffered much from this state of things, society suffered even more; for every discharged prisoner was a candidate for the higher honours of his profession, and the admired leader of many obsequious parasites. The strong reaction which had taken place in public feeling on the subject of punishments increased the difficulty. Extreme punishments became comparatively infrequent. Transportation, however favourable to the reformation of the actual delinquent, proved to be anything rather than deterrent of crime. There seemed to be growing up in the lower strata of society a public opinion which regarded the profession of crime with lenity, if not with approval. This uncomfortable condition of things continued until at last the country awoke to the conviction that there were living in the midst of the community, free, unchecked, and with unrestrained powers of mischief, numbers of men inured and habituated to normal defiance of the law.

The consequence of this tardy conviction was the Habitual Criminals Act. Since that was passed, the practised felon lives under a supervision which was once declared to be as foreign to our notions of fair play as to the principles of our jurisprudence. This supervision, vigilantly exercised, is confessedly a great safeguard of life and property. It is a matter of moment to every one of the general public, that the notorious breakers of the law should not continue to enjoy the advantages of obscurity and impunity. But, like many other excellent things, this vigilance has its drawbacks. To be effectual, it must be general and impartial. To a certain extent, therefore, it must be indiscriminating. The police must look after and hunt up the men who have been twice or thrice convicted of serious offences. To the ordinary unrepentant criminal this is no more than a just compensation for his misconduct. He has deliberately made war on society, and now society makes war on him in self-defence. It hunts him down, it crosses him and questions him at every change of residence and occupation. It throws upon him the responsibility of proving that he is not what he notoriously has been before, and may justly now be suspected of being—a professional malefactor. In the case of the worst convicts, this is a fair and salutary proceeding. But there are cases where it is very hard and somewhat unjust. All ex-convicts—even the victims of a threefold conviction—are not necessarily hardened and impenitent criminals. Even among these there are men who desire to abandon a life of crime and take to a life of honesty. Upon these the system of police supervision inflicts a serious injury. It exposes them to the suspicion of their neighbours. It prevents them from obtaining employment. When they do obtain employment, it endangers their retention of it. Worse than actual loss, it inflicts mental torture which becomes intolerable. They imagine that their secret is known; that their neighbours and fellow-workmen are talking of them; that every covert jest is levelled at them; that every allusion to crime, to prisons, to rogues, is intended for them. They desire to go away and hide themselves from the sight of men. Life has become a burden to them; and they meditate suicide. Such cases are certain to occur; but they are necessarily few. Any man who comes under the provisions of the Habitual Criminals Act may reasonably be suspected of insensibility to the heinousness of crime or the reproaches of conscience. Those who are tortured by sensibility and remorse are

rare exceptions to a very general rule. Still there are some. For instance, a young lad may be decoyed into crime by the influence of older and more dominant companions, or forced into it by the authority of bad parents. He may thus have undergone two sentences of long imprisonment before his twentieth year. Yet it may happen that, when he is once his own master, he desires to become an honest man. For such a man, with no friends but the associates of his crimes, there is no means of entering upon an honourable career, except with adventitious support. He must find some one to advise him, aid him, and shield him from the merited vigilance of the police and the unmerited suspicion of the world. Such aid is afforded by the Society over which Lord Derby presided, and for which he asked the support of his country neighbours. It is a necessary complement to the Habitual Criminals Act, bringing in the human element to temper the hard austerity of law, and doing by gentle means what the stern severity of the statute fails to enforce. As such, it deserves general favour.

Of course, this philanthropic tendency may be exaggerated, and may only confirm an observation which has been not unfrequently made, that everything is done for the guilty and the convicted, nothing for the upright and unconvicted. There is some truth in this remark, and it is clearly both unjust and inexpedient to lavish benevolent efforts exclusively upon ex-convicts, while the struggling efforts of the honest poor are disregarded and unaided. But the time is not yet come for placing the Prisoners' Aid Society in the category of those charities which sacrifice the interests of the deserving to those of the undeserving. Its friends are not many, its income is not large, and the good which it effects is unequivocal. It is a humane complement of a just but severe law; and may equally help towards the punishment of the determined, and the reformation of the contrite, criminal.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA'S FOREIGN CRITICS.

WHILST people in this country can find little new to say of our Abyssinian successes, except in the way of objections to the bill presented for them, it may help us to judge rightly of their market value in the world if we look at them from the point of view in which they were seen by intelligent foreigners. Such were the Military Commissioners of Prussia and Austria, sent probably rather to watch our shortcomings, and learn lessons from our defects, than with any notion that it would become their sole task to explain the means by which an English general achieved a dramatic completeness of victory which has hardly ever been paralleled. To do these gentlemen justice they have treated their subject *con amore*. The main thing that an English reader would naturally object to in the works of Count Seckendorff, who represented Von Moltke's bureau, and of Major Kodolitsch, who performed the same service for the War Office of Vienna, is that the elaborate details with which they are filled are burdensome to the non-professional reader. The Austrian account is not yet completed, the large volume published being intended only as a first part; and notwithstanding that it possesses the attraction of good Roman print, contrasting favourably with the crabbed type which Berlin patriotism prefers to the common-sense letters used by the rest of the world, we fear that the second volume will reach but a very select audience. Major Kodolitsch, in fact, is somewhat tedious in his military expositions; and, as he had the special disadvantage of coming up too late for what he most wished to see—the capture of Magdala—the contents of his work have rather the character of a complete inventory of our Abyssinian stock than the graphic style of a Military Correspondent hurried through stirring events.

Austria was, as usual, a little late in the field. Major Kodolitsch got no official orders until the 1st of March, 1868, although his mission had long before been talked of. Possibly the economic genius of General Kühn—of whose parsimony Austrian officers speak as bitterly as though that Minister were responsible for the whole deficit of Austrian finances—had misgivings of the cost of the mission, or delayed to give sufficient means to enable his envoy to travel becomingly. Certain it is that the Major started from Vienna some weeks too late, and, although using all possible diligence upon the route, yet had the vexation of only coming up with the expeditionary army when Magdala was already in its hands, and King Theodore dead. He had accomplished the journey from Vienna to the British headquarters in forty-five days; but his diligence had no better reward than was offered by the opportunity of inspecting the successful force on its retreat—a work done with a thoroughness which really leaves undescribed no material point of the departments employed. There is an excellent notice of Lord Napier's own career, and especially of those brilliant services in Central India which show that an English general has at least as much of the *sabreur* as of the Engineer in his composition. This is followed by elaborate chapters on the technical details of the Expedition, most of which have been already sufficiently described for the general reader, and may be passed over with the one remark, that in his account of the Land Transport Train, and its local reorganization when its first breakdown threatened to check all field operations, Major Kodolitsch places in a plainer light than we have seen it put before the presence with which Lord Napier again and again urged upon the Bombay Government the duty of providing thoroughly for what was to prove of vital necessity to an uninterrupted advance. Sir Seymour Fitzgerald and his advisers appear never for one moment to have grasped the truth that the transport

of an army must have a special relation to the field of its employment, nor to have discerned that to risk the keeping twelve thousand combatants standing still for want of a few dozen trustworthy mule-drivers was a flagrant instance of penny wisdom to be dearly paid for in wasted pounds.

There may be noted here, what we fear the fussy inquisition of Bombay office underlings by Mr. Candlish and Captain Beaumont will hardly bring to light, that the real error goes higher than any committed by the very mediocre official on whom the preparation devolved. It argues a profound ignorance of the whole course of Indian procedure that Sir Stafford Northcote should have taken the step of putting this vast responsibility upon the Governor of Bombay. It is all very well for the ordinary British mind to believe that there is really any special dignity or experience attached to the two minor Presidencies which should fit their administrators for important functions. In India it is perfectly understood by every educated man that the Governors of Bombay and Madras are merely deputies for the Viceroy over two of the dozen provinces entrusted to him, with no more initiative power than any other of the subordinates who bear the humbler titles of Chief Commissioner or Lieutenant-Governor; and that the difference of salary and dignity is merely kept up as the relic of a past age of Indian history, and as a convenient means of occasionally providing for political services. Mr. Disraeli's Secretary of State should have known at least as much as this, and should have been aware that an official of no more experience in administration than the new Governor of Bombay was as personally unfit as his advisers were by training unprepared to assume suddenly the onerous duties laid upon them. What led Sir Stafford Northcote into such a blunder it is difficult to say, but the natural result followed. The sudden inflation of importance breathed upon Sir Seymour and his Council, heretofore in the smallest things subject to Calcutta interference, but now independent of all check in matters of real magnitude, proved too much for the heads of those so elevated. The grandiloquent tones of the Governor's correspondence with Sir R. Napier, and the dictatorial manner in which the advice of the latter was rejected, augured ill for the success of the undertaking. Only by a happy admixture of good temper with an earnest resolve to take his own way when the expected difficulties came to justify him in remodelling his defective transport, did the general prevent a deadlock before the Expedition started. The story of the reorganization has already been sketched in English works, and may be passed over here with the remark that Major Kodolitsch does not admit that our train ever reached the degree of perfection which should have been attained. It would have worked far better, in his view, to have had a system of relays throughout, instead of carrying the same beasts through, and so mixing the various charges of the chief officers employed. On the other hand, he has no words too strong in which to praise the moral courage of those who assumed the responsibility necessary in order to bring order out of the chaos of unruly men and animals with which the army was burdened on its first starting.

Count Seckendorff's work has a natural advantage over that of his rival in that the author was present throughout the operations, and gives all his opinions at first hand. Less valuable as a technical work, its moderate compass contains an interesting account of the Expedition, together with some striking reflections on the general development of our military power in the East. The Count is not one of those who make light of the progress of Russia in the interior of Asia, or of France upon its border. He quotes emphatically the well-known dictum of Napoleon that the acquisition of Egypt is the chief step necessary towards making the Mediterranean a French lake, and declares his very natural belief that the real political motive of the Abyssinian Expedition was not so much to free captives as to place our prestige in its proper position in Oriental eyes. This, he implies, has been fully accomplished, for in the brilliant drama of Magdala he sees an equivalent for the occupation of Samarcand, and for the more peaceful successes by which M. Lesseps has avenged the French failure in Mexico.

There is an interesting review, in Count Seckendorff's third chapter, of our Indian army organization as it existed before the Mutiny, and as it is now remodelled. Less than one-sixth of the old army were British troops, whereas now they form just a third, so that the whole cannot be judged much less formidable for defence than before, and it is almost beyond calculation that we should again have to tremble at our own native mercenaries so long as such a proportion is maintained. Unfortunately there is no fixed rule which can be relied upon for its preservation. The Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, the War Office, the India Office, and the Horse Guards have each their individual, and often clashing, views. This division of authority does not escape the keen observation of a critic trained to the direct and businesslike working of a Royal Staff bureau, with General Moltke at its head, and General Roon to defend its views in Council. But our inferiority in military organization Count Seckendorff dismisses with the passing but pregnant remark, that it is the fruit of our nation's long-standing jealousy of any abuse of armed power by its rulers.

We have not space to attempt to follow the Prussian writer through his very graphic description of the arrival before, and capture of, Magdala. Were it translated we should possess a more thoroughly military account of the operations which closed with Theodore's death than any that has yet appeared; for the writer possessed the requisite previous knowledge, combined with a thorough impartiality and clear-sightedness as to all that passed—qualities which make his narrative especially valuable to the sol-

dier. We shall here only notice that Count Seckendorff rejects in the most absolute manner the notorious story of the cows, declaring that Sir Robert Napier refused alike Theodore's request for modified conditions and the presents with which he accompanied it. It would hardly be worth while to notice these unhappy animals again were it not for the persistency with which Mr. Rassam and his friends, so recently as last summer, tried to make a case against the conqueror of Magdala. One of those friends, the owner of a ready pen at times too freely used, contrived to build up, on Mr. Rassam's story, a sensational picture of Theodore as an abandoned and betrayed but heroic monarch, preferring death by his own hand to ignominy. As the whole of the correspondence has been published with Captain Hozier's work, and shows that Mr. Rassam, having been from the first contradicted by the Staff who were present when Theodore's offer came, has succeeded in getting himself finally contradicted from Aden by the Mr. Munzinger to whom he expressly appeals, and who as expressly declares that he "heard nothing about the cows," the matter, as far as Lord Napier is concerned, may well be left at rest. It would need more than Mr. Carlyle's powers to make such a hero of Theodore as could bear examination; and in all this age of sensational biography there has been no more hopeless attempt at rehabilitation than that which would have elevated the memory of the drunken and terror-stricken tyrant of Magdala at the expense of the general whose resistless approach came upon him as the stroke of fate.

BERKHAMPTSTEAD COMMON.

THE decision in the case of the Berkhamstead Common has been discussed by the daily newspapers with a curious disregard of the rules of law applicable to such a case. They tell us that the position of the public in reference to these commons is "anomalous," meaning, as we understand, that it is not what the writers think it ought to be. This word "anomalous" is perhaps as much abused as any word that has been adopted into our language, and it certainly seems to have been pressed into service in this discussion rather unreasonably. The law applicable to the subject is precise, and it clearly pronounces that the public have no right whatever over Berkhamstead Common. The freehold of a common belongs to the Lord of the Manor, and, speaking generally, the only persons who have any rights over it are the Lord and the Commoners of the Manor. This is the law applicable to commons, and if a common or any other property is to be dealt with upon any other footing than that of law, it is well that those who propose so to deal with it should state their intention plainly. If the need of breathing spaces for the metropolis is strongly felt, the metropolis can afford to pay what is necessary to provide them. When we consider how liberally, not to say extravagantly, owners have been compensated for property taken for railways and other public works, it does appear rather strange that the property of lords of manors should be taken without any compensation at all. But although proposals going this length were at one time put forward, the authors of them have lately moderated their language; and if the Metropolitan Board of Works should come to terms for the purchase of Hampstead Heath, the arrangement is likely to be generally satisfactory.

The difficulty of the case of Berkhamstead Common arose from the doubtful character of the evidence as to the rights of the commoners, and not from any uncertainty in the mind of the Court as to the law by which these rights must be ascertained. The Lord contended that the manor of Berkhamstead was in fact two manors, and that the tenants of each manor were only entitled to common over the waste of the manor of which they held. The tenants contended, on the other hand, that they were all entitled to common over the whole waste as belonging to what was really only one manor. If the Lord had sustained his view of the case he might have made some way towards showing that the waste of one or both commons was larger than was necessary for the commoners, and thus he would have laid a foundation for "approving" or legally appropriating to himself the surplus beyond what the commoners required. But the Court considered that every tenant was entitled to common over the whole waste. The Lord did not show that he was entitled to approve, and he did not even attempt to show this, so that it is difficult to understand why he entered on litigation. The truth is, that the law applicable to such cases is not doubtful, but it is opposed to that which may fairly be described as a prevailing sentiment. We can most of us remember pleasant walks under trees and upon turf which we have taken in the belief that we had a right to take them. It is rather startling to be told that no such right exists, and that it cannot exist under English law. But this doctrine, however we may dislike it, is indisputable, and accordingly the advocates of the preservation of commons and open spaces do not, if they are wise, dispute it. They occupy much stronger ground when they contend that if a lord and commoners of a manor come to Parliament and ask for facilities for enclosure, Parliament, which originally granted these facilities such motives of public expediency, is entitled to consider whether these motives still exist, or whether other and stronger motives do not operate the other way. In the last century many private Acts of Parliament were passed for the enclosure of commons, and afterwards a general Act was passed to enable enclosures to be made under the sanction of Commissioners. The object of this

legislation was the improvement of agriculture, which was then considered an object of paramount importance. But even at that time it began to be perceived that, if a common lay contiguous to a great town, the enclosure of that common, even if it thus became capable of adding to the food supply of the population, was not an unmixed good. The Legislature, when it was asked to interfere to adjust the rights of lord and commoners, deemed that it might reasonably stipulate for some benefit to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which the common lay; and accordingly it was provided that a certain portion of the common should be reserved for what was called a recreation ground. But it was soon perceived that a recreation ground was a dull place, and the inhabitants of large towns began to desire, or even demand, that neighbouring commons might remain altogether unenclosed. There is perhaps some similarity between this question and that infinitely larger question which now disturbs Ireland. A notion is widely prevalent that the public have the right of taking air and exercise on commons, and if the public are told that the law confers no such right, they may be apt to answer that the law is unsuitable to the circumstances of the country. But it may be replied that the right of property in a common ought not to be different according as it happens to be nearer or further from a great town, or according as that town spreads with more or less rapidity in its direction. The general doctrine, that private property must be enjoyed with due regard to the public good, ought not to be applied with exceptional severity to lords of manors. Generally when land is required for purposes of improvement, the owner receives ample compensation. It has been said by one commentator on the Berkhamstead case that it was a pity that the common was not nearer London. It is possible that in course of time London may be brought nearer to the common, or that locomotion may be so accelerated that thirty miles will be no more regarded than half the distance is at present. The desire of this writer and others appears to be to find commons near enough to London to be enjoyed by a numerous class of the population, and yet far enough away to present genuine rural beauty, and not a mere formal arrangement of park or recreation ground. The realization of this desire is likely to be disappointed by the rapid growth of London. The notion of keeping suburban commons as they are becomes impracticable as they gradually cease to be suburban. They must either be fenced and regulated, or they will be mere nuisances; and when it comes to fencing, that is so manifest an interference with the lord's rights that compensation cannot be decently refused to him. Thus it is probable that while London is only near a common it will prevent enclosure, but when it comes very near it will compel a process which will result in destroying the rural character of the place and obtaining compensation for the lord.

There is reason to suspect that some of the zeal which is displayed in defence of the people's rights over commons is inspired by the great principle "All around St. Paul's, not forgetting No. 1." It is obvious that if a suburban common can be kept unenclosed, the value of adjoining land is sure to be enhanced for building purposes. There are several open spaces of considerable extent in the county of Surrey, which are the residue of larger commons which have been enclosed. These spaces were reserved in satisfaction of the rights of cottagers to fuel and other accommodations, and as they are quite uncultivated and overgrown with heath and gorse, they are pleasant resorts on a summer evening for Londoners who are tired of streets and squares and do not greatly appreciate Hyde Park. In these cases there are no poor people, or next to none, in the neighbourhood who would lose by enclosure, and the cottagers would gain by it. The owners of villa residences would undoubtedly be deprived of an element in the value of their property, but the question is whether they ought not to acknowledge a benefit in the past rather than complain of an injury in the future. The local clergy would probably desire that the land should be sold and the proceeds applied in founding schools for the children of those villagers who now derive a precarious profit from gorse and herbage. On the other hand, the general philanthropist, who takes all London under his care, demands that there should still be left to its inhabitants the opportunities which these commons afford of escaping from its noise and crowd. This demand excites such strong sympathy that we are in some danger of being induced to yield to it at the expense of justice. It may be useful, therefore, to inquire what would be the rights of the lord and commoners of Berkhamstead if it were fifty miles from London, and whether there is any principle on which these rights can be abridged because the common is distant only thirty miles.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

WE resume our criticism on this instructive Exhibition at Burlington House with the Spanish school, here represented by four pictures of Velasquez, three by Zurbaran, and seven by Murillo. This total of three masters and fourteen works is niggardly. In the Manchester Art Treasures, instead of three masters there were fourteen, and among the painters there present who in Piccadilly are absent, may be enumerated Alonso Cano, Herrera, Morales, El Mudo, El Greco, Pacheco, Ribalta, Ribera, and Roelas. This list gives some idea of how singularly rich England is in Spanish pictures; only, in fact, in Spain itself can be seen a greater number. The Peninsular War favoured our generals and

collectors, and when, either by capture or purchase, the masters of Seville, Valencia, or Castile found their way to London, it was discovered that "Velasquez and Murillo, like Cervantes, came home at once to the countrymen of Reynolds, Wilson, and Shakespeare." The painters of the Peninsula "have indeed been said to be the anticipation of our school." Spain and England have "drunk at the same source, and learned their lesson of the same mistress, who never is untrue to those who turn truly to her." "The general character," continues Mr. Ford, "of the Spanish school of painting is grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent. The Church, the great patron, neither looked to Apelles or Raphael, to Venus or the Graces." The truth of this graphic description may be realized by the examples before us, scanty though they be, especially in three saints we owe to the Duke of Sutherland—"St. Cirillo," "St. Thomas," and "St. Andrew"—all by Zurbaran, than whom no artist in Spain or other country is more "grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent." Velasquez, who elevated portrait-painting to the dignity of history, is fairly well represented by four portrait pictures, especially by the small repetition of the painter's masterpiece, "Las Meninas." This purely secular and naturalistic work has somewhat absurdly been termed "the theology of painting," or "the gospel of art," for, says a Spanish writer, "as theology is superior to all other sciences, so this picture is superior to all other pictures." The scene is laid in a large room of the palace; on the left is the back of the easel which supports the canvas on which Velasquez, palette and brushes in hand, is painting; the canvas is almost twice as tall as the artist, for the figures therein are supposed to be life-size. The personages in the foreground are of three species—first, the Infanta Maria Margarita, who takes a cup of water from the silver; then, secondly, two "Meninas," or maids of honour, a Spanish term which gives the picture its name. One of these "Meninas" presents the said silver to the Infanta, the other drops a curtsy. Then, thirdly, are comprised two dwarfs, Maria Barbola and Nicolasito Pertusano, characteristic specimens of the little monsters that abounded at the Alcazar in the days of Philip IV. Mr. Stirling tells us that the little dame whom Velasquez has here immortalized was "three and a half feet in height, with head and shoulders of a large woman, and a countenance much under-jawed and almost ferocious in expression." The story goes that the King was so much delighted with the picture that he conferred with his own hand the red cross of knighthood which the breast of the painter here bears. This "precious sketch," as Mr. Stirling designates it, is only one quarter of the dimensions of the original, in which the figures are life-size, yet otherwise the two works are all but identical. Mr. Ford praises "the aerial and lineal perspective, local colour, animal and human life"; he remarks upon "the chiariness of bright colours;" the shadows are truly in "chiaro-oscuro, being transparent and diaphanous." The sketch here exhibited seems to us to fall short of the original chiefly in firmness and crispness of touch; and the handling has scarcely the sparkle, nerve, or terseness of Velasquez. This prince of portrait-painters makes his presence felt in a couple of replicas of famous equestrian pictures—those of "Don Balthazar Carlos" and "Philip IV.," the last is all but identical with the picture in Madrid. Velasquez in equestrian portraits was more than equal to Vandyke, though the Spanish Bourbons were not so good models as the Stuarts. As to Murillo, he was better seen at Manchester and Leeds than here in Piccadilly. "Santa Justa" and "Sta. Rufina"—the patron Saints of Seville—are crude and raw, but the pictures seem well accredited, and the heads approach closely to the types Murillo has given to these two patron Saints of Seville in a picture in the Museum of his native city, which Mr. Ford assigns to the master's "calido style, forcible and yet tender." Some others of the works here ascribed to the master are probably by his scholars or imitators. But "Andrade," the verger of Seville Cathedral, has that firmness and pronounced individuality which Murillo reserved for portraiture, of which art, however, he has left but few examples. This figure seems to belong to the artist's "frio" or early manner based on Ribera and Caravaggio, dark and of decisive outline. The Angel from Kingdon's Lacy is a lovely and pure example of Murillo's second style, called "calido," from its warm tones; the drawing is still well defined, for the master had not yet fallen into his third, or "vaporoso" period—misty, vaporous, and mannered. This pulpy and rosy little angel is, as the Spaniards say, "painted *con leche y saugo*, or with milk and blood." Cherub children like this, sportive on wing as butterflies and bright as flowers in sunlight, Murillo strewed over the vault of heaven when he painted the Madonna floating on crescent moon, in honour of the reputed "Immaculate Conception," a dogma which has long served as a spiritual specific in Spain.

The small Dutch school, though well represented by Steen, De Hooze, Gerard Dow, Metz, Ostade, Teniers, and Terburgh, must not detain us, as our space is limited. We may observe, however, on two admirable specimens of Jan Steen's vigorous, vulgar style—"The Doctor" and "A Cockfight." This painter, akin in character and rollicking merriment to Hogarth, has made himself so popular in England that at least two-thirds of his pictures are in English collections. De Hooze was also brought into favour through English collectors, who, it is said, possess the greater part of the hundred pictures known by his hand. "The Interior of a Tavern," lent by the Marquis of Bute, has pervading half-light, illumined in furthest extremity by a flash from the sun—a brilliant yet balanced effect for which De Hooze held a kind of patent. Reynolds used to say of these Dutch masters, that a student

should go to Holland as to school to learn the grammar of his art.

The English school is represented by thirteen artists and 106 works; the Foreign schools form a total of 62 artists and 128 works. Thus our native art receives its fair share. Stanfield and Leslie, this year selected for special illustration, take 75 out of the total of 106 English works; Gainsborough has 10 pictures, Reynolds 8. These four artists—Stanfield, Leslie, Gainsborough, Reynolds—are the only painters allowed more than four pictures apiece. Wilson follows with three. Only one work is assigned severally to Hogarth, Barry, Singleton, Cotman, Lawrence, and Eastlake, and on such slight data criticism need scarcely make its voice heard. In passing, we observe "Italian Peasantry returning from Labour," a work which, noble in intention and Venetian in colour, shows the style of the late President of the Academy to advantage. To exhibit but one production by Hogarth, and that a vain aspiration after high art, his notorious "Sigismunda," is a satire upon the satirist himself. In somewhat the same light we receive Wilkie's "Columbus"; the artist is much more in his element in "Sheep-washing," a picture agreeable for silvery tone and simple sylvan sentiment.

It is the fate of Gainsborough and Reynolds to be always in Exhibitions pitted against each other; during life they were at enmity, and even now in death they rise against each other in rivalry. At the Kensington Portrait Exhibitions, Reynolds justified his reputation as the first of English portrait-painters by 187 works, while Gainsborough with less than half the number fell scarcely short of his great contemporary. The diverse merits of the two artists may be pretty accurately measured by two portraits in the Academy, evidently hung to suggest comparison. The one, a full-length figure of "Mrs. Beaufoy," has the charm, yet imperfection, which usually attend the art of Gainsborough; the pose of the figure is graceful, the manner ladylike, yet the complexion is rather waxy and enamel-like, and the execution in the drapery and the hair lacks form and decision. Reynolds once again wins in the challenge, for "The Countess of Bute" is by common consent the better picture of the two. The figure moves with quiet dignity; the Countess is every inch the Countess, and yet nothing more than the simplest lady in the land; this the artless art of Reynolds is ever close to nature. Lady Bute, placed amid fields and trees, is painted freely yet firmly, the composition is well balanced, the canvas filled without being crowded, and the whole colouring is toned into quiet harmony. Yet again the two masters of the art of portrait-painting arm themselves for single combat. "The Tragic Muse" of Reynolds, from her place in the Banqueting-room of the Academy, seems to look daggers at Gainsborough's inoffensive "Blue Boy," who yet is able to hold his own. The strength of these two famous achievements lies in such opposite directions that a conflict can hardly be sustained. "The Blue Boy" is said to have been painted in refutation of a hasty dogma of Reynolds, that the principal figure in a picture should never be of a cool colour. Gainsborough has so evaded the difficulty that his picture becomes the exception which proves the rule. He has made the blue lucent as a sapphire; it ceases to be a cool colour because in its depths are latent fires; he intersperses among the mass of blue bits of white drapery, which in fact are not white but warm; the face glows in golden flesh tone, and the whole of the encircling landscape is rich as with browns of autumn. A picture thus skilful and subtle repays analysis. We turn to Mrs. Siddons in the character of the Tragic Muse; the treatment is wholly dissimilar. Reynolds, in compliance with the law he himself had laid down, clothes his principal figure warmly, and yet more, he all but excludes cool colour or the suspicion of blue from the accessories. And thus his composition becomes hot to a fault, and yet it fails of the ardour of a Venetian canvas; the cheek of Mrs. Siddons is pale and wan when compared with the molten gold with which Titian has modelled the head of Doge Gritti. In technical qualities we deem "The Blue Boy" the greater achievement of the two. Reynolds was apt to lose the finer part of his art when he forsook the ways of simple nature for the walks of stilted, strutting poetry. Yet it must be confessed that "The Tragic Muse" is glorious as a conception; the attitude is superb as the embodiment of impassioned genius.

The portraits of Gainsborough and Reynolds may lead us on to glance at heads which exemplify the treatment of the old masters. Of Titian and Velasquez, the two great masters of the art, we have already spoken. Moroni—who, with the exception of Titian, was the most renowned portrait-painter of his time—is seen by a magnificent head, "Il Gentile Cavaliero." What character, colour, breadth, yet detail! There is no finer portrait in the collection. The well-known study in three parts made by Vandyke for Bernini's bust of Charles I. has the fancy idealization of the courtly painter. Vandyke, like Reynolds, was born the courtier. Antonio More, than whom, when at his best, no nobler portrait-painter ever invaded Britain, receives injustice. But of his immediate predecessor, Holbein, there is present that most impressive head of Sir Thomas More. What earnest outlook is in this face, what resolute purpose and concentration of thought! This master portrait has a bust-like roundness and reality in common with the strongly individual heads of Van Eyck and Memling. We cannot pass without recognition Rembrandt's "Old Woman." The more the painter loads on colour the older the lady grows—at least in skin texture—and yet the pigment is so transparent and refulgent that the head shines out as a bright light from a dark place.

Leslie, who with Stanfield has been chosen for special illustration, is injured by proximity to the old masters. His thirty

pictures leave the impression of chalkiness and general feebleness; his heads are pale and pink, the treatment is devoid of largeness, the colour lacks depth. Leslie, who never went to Italy, had the merit of remaining eminently English to the last, and his genius, though limited, has a grace and a charm peculiarly its own. Sweet and simple is a little picture, "Children at Play." For incident and telling a story the artist is happy, for quiet refined humour he can scarcely be surpassed. This choice selection shows also that the painter had a nice sense of female beauty, especially when spiced with coquetry or conceit. Sly too was his satire, as in "The Rape of the Lock," one of those serious comedies wherein the actors remain grave, the laugh being on the side of the spectators only. These thirty pictures show Leslie simple-minded, gentle, and good; they may bear the shadow of sorrow, but they inflict no pain; his pencil sports at the expense of folly, but it never panders to vice. Even in comedy the painter stops short of the grotesque, his fun never descends into farce.

Landscape art, though not obtrusive, is pleasantly distributed on the walls, and the three distinctive schools of Italy, Holland, and England admit of fair comparison. The imaginative style of Italy triumphs in Gaspar Poussin's "Storm," and there is boldness in the conception of earth and sky which Nicolas Poussin has made the accompaniment to "The Story of Arcas and Calisto." One of the two famous Claudes from Leigh Court is liquid and radiant in sunlight; and the Bute Cuyp, which may be taken as a connecting link between the schools of Italy and Holland, is another landscape of illuminating power which brings as it were the warm sun into the room on a dark winter day. Why this picture has been assigned in the catalogue to Jacob Gerretse Cuyp, the father, we cannot divine, inasmuch as it bears the unmistakable signature of Albert, the son. The examples of Ruysdael and Hobbina are scarcely out of the common; not so, however, Paul Potter's "Dairy Farm"; for high finish, crisp yet liquid touch, and exquisite quality of tone and colour, we know nothing finer in Amsterdam or the Hague. Neither can there be anything grander, for shadowy gloom made radiant by fitful flashes of light, than Rembrandt's "Landscape," wherein a magnificent panorama of sky and cloud takes a principal part. Next we would lead on to the English school by directing attention to "The Thames from Richmond," which, though little more than a rubbing-in which might be got through in a morning, shows how Reynolds went to nature herself for the landscapes he used as backgrounds to his fashionable portraits. Still more noteworthy are the nature-studies by the rival portrait-painter of the day; such as "Going to Market," another "Going to Market," and a "Coast Scene." For luminosity in sky, for atmosphere in cloudland, for delicate concord of greys and greens, and for play of a facile brush in tree foliage, these slight sketchy landscapes can scarcely be surpassed. Truly said Reynolds, "If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of art, among the very first of that rising name."

Stanfield, like Leslie, suffers under competition with the old masters. His forty-five pictures here assembled are bright and clean as the wall papers in a new-built house, whereas a canvas by Gaspar Poussin or Salvator Rosa is shadowy and suggestive to imagination as the tapestries which clothe the dark chambers of an ancient chateau. Our modern art, with the exception of that of Turner, is without mystery; the touch of Stanfield is so clearly defined that nothing is suggested beyond what is clearly demonstrated. Turner, or even Constable—both of whom, by the way, are strangely absent—would by the roll and sweep of a half-dry brush convey a notion of nature's impenetrable secrets. Stanfield has no secrets, his pictures have no impenetrabilities; they are so plain and intelligible that whoso runs may read; and hence in part their popularity. Yet "The Abandoned" is a work of the imagination; how helpless is the disabled bark in the tumult of the waters, how impressive is the solitude of ocean! For sea-painting Stanfield, who was in youth a sailor, is unapproached; and this we say after comparing him with Gudin, Sorensen, and other marine painters of the Continent; his waves, which are true in form, have upward toss, onward movement, and withal equipoise; his waters roar and break with weight and resistless power upon the shore. And with what accuracy of detail Stanfield drew the hulk, masts, cordage and sails of a ship, may be judged by the "Capture of the Spanish Zebec." Supreme, too, was his mastery of scenic composition—a power which he gained, in common with his friend and fellow-labourer David Roberts, in the service of the stage. Two scenes of battle, "Roveredo" and "The Passage of the Magra," exemplify this unrivalled power. Stanfield seized boldly on his subject, threw the masses and lines into scenic composition, in the sky he hung a dark cloud, upon the hill-top he dashed dazzling sunlight, into the foreground he brought the action of well-placed figures; thus the picture was made, the drama well sustained from its opening to its close. With England's great marine painter we end our review, adding only the hope that the Academy may give us the opportunity of resuming our pleasant labours another year.

AN ADELPHI DRAMA.

IT has pleased Mr. Robertson to write, and Mr. Webster to bring upon the stage, a play which is at once the most absurd and the most disagreeable of all the experiments which have been lately made by theatrical authors and managers upon the patience

of the public. We desire to speak of Mr. Webster with the respect due to his talent and experience, but we cannot help wondering that he should consent to degrade himself and his art by assuming such a character as that of the cross between an acrobat and a swindler who is called Ismael. After making the effort necessary to endure Mr. Webster's performance to the end, we award to him the praise or blame of having inspired us with a feeling of unmitigated disgust. As he says himself, he comes from the sunny East, or, in other words, he personates what young Englishmen in India call—with a contempt which in this instance is thoroughly deserved—a nigger. He has been a leader in the perpetration of the worst outrages of the Indian mutiny, and he has been engaged in a career of poisoning, fraud, and forgery in Europe. He gives us to understand that he is beyond middle-age, and his personal appearance is, we think, unpleasant; and, being all this, he makes a proposal of marriage to a young and pretty English girl. The best comment we can offer upon this scene is to quote from another play of Mr. Robertson where a similar proposal is answered in the words, "Oh, Mr. So and So, how can you talk of such dreadful things, and on such a fine day?"

It seems that Mr. Robertson has been so good as to depart from his usual style of writing in order to furnish the Adelphi Theatre with a drama of the kind usually manufactured by Mr. Boucicault. The evil of this author having taken to sensational plays is balanced by the good of his having left off comedy. If Mr. Robertson is forced by the importunity of managers to produce half a dozen plays in the year, he had better devote himself to a class of composition which makes only a small demand upon his literary faculty. A sensational drama may be compared to the harlequinade at Drury Lane Theatre, which, as the play-bill says, is "invented" by Mr. H. Holeno. The whole merit, such as it is, of the composition lies in the incidents or tricks, and it matters comparatively little what are the accompanying words, or indeed whether there are any words at all. Indeed we might go further, and say that, when the incidents are fixed, the amount of talking necessary to expand the play to the required length may be easily supplied from what may be called the common forms of dramatic literature. It would be a great assistance in the production of sensational plays if somebody would compile a book like those collections of precedents which are to be found in lawyers' chambers. Thus, supposing it to be settled that the youthful heroine, who has become a widow, is to go into lodgings at the seaside, where her child is to be stolen from her by a dark-skinned villain, the author would readily find in such a book the speeches suitable with slight adaptations to the occasion, and thus he would compose his play just as a conveyancer's clerk, under the supervision of his master, draws a mortgage. The only novelty that we can discover in the abduction scene at the Adelphi Theatre is the unusually close proximity of the lodgings where it happens to the seaside. The nigger Ismael comes in a boat to the window of the house, steps out of it into the room where the child is sleeping, and carries it away; and the mother, when she discovers her loss, goes out of her senses and into the sea at the same moment. It has been stated that on the first night of the performance the spectators did not know whether they were not to consider her as actually drowned, and those among them who were inexperienced in playgoing omitted to remark that there were two acts of the play still to come, in which it might be assumed that the assistance of a principal performer would be indispensable. It is indeed difficult to distinguish clouds above from waves below, and, although the heroine is supported by some dim shadow of a boat, it is possible that persons who did not observe closely may have thought that she was performing the difficult feat of walking and singing under water. Our recollections of Portsmouth did not suffice to enable us to identify the exact locality of this exciting scene, but it might be useful if we could be informed of the address of the landlady who lets lodgings where, if the sea is in the least degree rough, we might get our bath and breakfast at the same time, and all the ocean make our spacious tub. The view from the window of these lodgings embraces a grand fortification, with guns pointing seaward, and it is so far like the fortifications of the real Portsmouth that it seems to have been constructed regardless of expense. Indeed this piece is like many others of its class. Everything in the way of accessories, down to toys for the abducted child, is supplied abundantly, and the only thing it wants is the talent for dramatic composition in its author, who has made his own intellectual poverty more conspicuous by putting into the mouth of the bereaved mother a few sentences which sound like a faint and feeble echo of the lamentation of Constance in *King John*. There is absolutely no novelty in this piece, except the character of Ismael, and we are told by the daily papers that it was received on the first night with disapprobation, which we think unreasonable. It really cannot matter whether the Adelphi Theatre presents an old piece by Mr. Boucicault or a new piece by an author who imitates Mr. Boucicault to the best of his ability. As dramatic compositions both pieces would be equally intolerable, while, as a spectacle, a new piece is necessarily superior to a piece which we have seen before. If an author who is capable of writing scenes like the best in *School* chooses to descend to the level of the sensational drama, we can only see in his conduct another proof of the utter and hopeless degradation of the English stage. The talent for dramatic writing is either very rare or English managers are singularly unlucky in their search for it. An author who attains any reputation is overwhelmed with work imposed on him by the conductors of rival theatres,

and the result is such as may be seen in the *Nightingale* at the Adelphi Theatre. Tragedy is long since dead, and Comedy has come to her last hour.

Art after art goes out, and all is night;

and the reign of leaden dulness will soon be unbroken on the English stage.

The career of Ismael appears to have been compounded from the history of the Indian mutiny and the records of European courts of law. We see him in the first act as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat, and we are told that certain other personages in the play afterwards experienced his violence as a leader of Indian mutineers. It is unfortunate that even a character in a drama cannot be supposed to be in two places at the same time, and thus the author is restrained from using as fully as he might wish the effective device of blending two careers of villainy into one. We must, however, congratulate Mr. Robertson on having opened a vein of dramatic composition which he may work for many years without exhausting it. One part of the career of Ismael is obviously derived from the law reports of the newspapers, and this is a kind of literature at which, to use a homely expression, you may cut and come again. Mr. Robertson has already written a whole class of comedies to which he has given cognate names. Let him now proceed to write a class of dramas for the Adelphi which may be appropriately called "Arson," "Murder," "Forgery," and so on. He may take successively for his heroes all the celebrated criminals of modern Europe, and if he desires to lay on his colours particularly thick he can roll two atrocious villains into one. Mr. Webster is evidently prepared, in the interest of art, to personate any criminal that ever lodged in Newgate, so there can be no difficulty in getting the parts which Mr. Robertson will create adequately filled. We foresee a long career of prosperity thus open to the manager, while the author will realize a handsome fortune with much less labour than he must necessarily bestow in composing comedies. Indeed, when we contemplate the boundless wealth of dramatic incident which becomes available to Mr. Robertson, we have not the smallest doubt that, by the help of a sufficient staff of clerks, he will be able to supply, not one only, but several theatres with dramas at once new and powerfully exciting. There is, for example, Troppmann, who, now that he has been guillotined, is in the highest degree capable of adorning the boards of the Adelphi Theatre. And not only is there Troppmann, but he may have, at least for dramatic purposes, accomplices, who may be, if the dramatist so pleases, Englishmen. We should not of course advise the introduction of the name of Troppmann, but the incidents and scenes of Troppmann's career might be used with powerful effect. It would of course be necessary to introduce some love-making into the plot, and the author might perhaps produce a strong effect by bringing over his intended murderer to England, domesticating him in an English household, and making him propose marriage to an English girl while preparing for the execution of a plot which would consign an entire family to destruction. The nigger whom we now see at the Adelphi Theatre occupies at the beginning of the play the most confidential of all relations to the other characters of the scene, inasmuch as he plays propriety while they are making love. They are living, or at least we find them, at a country-house, without any visible parents, aunts or uncles, and the young lady has not even any companion of her own sex except a servant. The only persons whom we see are a second lover of the young lady, and Ismael, who looks on and listens while the first lover proceeds languidly with his courtship, and stimulates him to more effective progress in the path of love. The marriage between William Wage and Mary is promoted and arranged, and we believe blessed, by Ismael; and indeed the only other person who has anything to do with it is the second lover, who presents Mary with a ring, and makes her a sentimental speech, and afterwards, for love of her, abandons his purpose of taking orders, and goes into the army. Now this Ismael has a dark skin, and an Oriental dress. He is not a Christian, and he is an actual or possible murderer and ravisher in India, as well as forger and poisoner in Europe. To place such a character in such a position as we find him occupying in an English house is so bold a violation of probability that a dramatist who can do this can do anything, and therefore the whole world of villainy is available for the purposes of Mr. Robertson.

In the first act William and Mary are married under the auspices of Ismael. In the second act William is dying of poison administered by Ismael, who offers himself as a second husband to Mary while her first husband is still alive. Almost the only passage in the play which we approve is one where the English girl who waits on Mary applies the epithet "nasty" to Ismael's proceedings. Indeed, if it were not for this one character of the servant girl it would be utterly impossible to sit out the play. In the third act Mary, who has lost her fortune by Ismael's rascality, and also lost by too severe use the voice which gained her the name of *Nightingale*, is living in that humble lodging at Portsmouth whence Ismael carries off her child. We should observe that the child is now three or four years old, and therefore it is possible that Ismael may have gone to India and done some rapes and nose-slitting in the interval. The fourth act belongs to a well-known class of sensational business. The scene presents a snowy night in a London square, where Mary, faint and hungry, tries to sing until she sinks exhausted on the cold stones, and is of course found and cared for by her old lover. In the last act Mary is conducted by Ismael to a churchyard and

shown the grave of her abducted child. Then the child emerges from the church alive and well. Then there is a grand tableau. The old lover and his friend attempt to arrest Ismael, who produces a revolver and defies them, whereupon a party of soldiers in scarlet coats emerge from behind hedges and walls, and with a sort of "up, guards, and at him" movement reduce Ismael to the extremity of trying his own skill in poisoning upon himself. After this highly satisfactory conclusion of the play, there are the usual calls before the curtain, which most properly comprise Mary's child, who has been abducted and buried and brought to life. We have only to suggest that equal honour should be paid to the snow and the pillar post-office, which largely contribute to the success of the fourth act.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

WHATEVER may be doing in the theatres, it can hardly be denied that the tendency of our musical performances, exceptions here and there allowed for, is in a healthy direction. For some years it has been our agreeable task to record the unimpeded progress of the Monday Popular Concerts—not merely because they were consistent from the outset, but (and that chiefly) because the principle upon which they started was sound. Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, who, to employ the conventional phrase, "originally organized" these entertainments, and who has superintended them up to the present time, steadily keeps in view the object for which they were professedly instituted. What this object is we have already stated more than once; but there can be no harm in reminding our readers that the Monday Popular Concerts were set on foot, if not with the sole, at least with the paramount idea of making the vast body of music-lovers resident in or near London acquainted with those masterpieces of art which, though long recognised by the few, had been previously almost a sealed book to the many. That the idea has been satisfactorily realized none who have studied the history of the last decade in its relations to the art pronounced "divine" can reasonably gainsay; and that the Monday Popular Concerts have helped to make London musical more effectually than even the Philharmonic Concerts, which for upwards of half a century appealed exclusively to a privileged class, or than the Sacred Harmonic Society, which in the first place chiefly sought sympathy from the musically inclined religious world, and in the second has for the greater part traded upon some half-dozen masterpieces since the beginning, is no less unquestionable. At the Monday Popular Concerts we have music for itself, and for itself alone—music precisely as it was intended by the composers who produced it, and with no other temptation of any kind to make it pass muster. Of course efficient execution with such an end in view was a *sine qua non*, and this, in various degrees of perfection, has been obtained. String quartets, pianoforte sonatas, and other compositions coming under the head of "chamber music," represent art in its highest manifestations. He who can listen to them with attention and pleasure shows himself essentially an amateur, inasmuch as he finds gratification in music simply as music, and not as music set off by such or such extraneous aids. That many such exist is certain; otherwise, instead of 332 concerts, which, from February 1859 to the present time, Mr. Chappell has been able to give, he would never in all probability have advanced so far as the first half hundred. Meanwhile Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., are becoming "household words" in a closer sense than was ever the case before. We previously knew Mozart by his operas, Haydn by his symphonies (in a small degree, be it understood) and vocal canzonets, Mendelssohn by his oratorios and his inimitable *Lieder ohne Worte*, almost alone. Now we are beginning to know them in their most intimate relations—listening to what they said and thought while "musicising" (as Richard Wagner would say) at their own firesides, for the love of art, and for nothing else. But it is not only with these bright stars that Mr. Chappell is making us thus familiar. He has exhibited some luminaries—"lesser lights" if we will—which have afforded only less gratification. If all musicians were Mozarts and Haydns and Beethovens and Mendelssohns, a painful sense of oppression, we cannot but think, would ensue. A perpetual intercourse with giants might tend to become irksome. True, Haydn, in his way, was an occasionally condescending giant; but the others, Beethoven in particular, were apt to exhibit themselves in such a manner as to persuade lookers-on that all the rest of the world were dwarfs. For this reason, if for no other, one must feel a strong sympathy for men like Dussek, Woelfl, Sterndale Bennett, &c., who, giants enough compared with ordinary musicians, reveal nevertheless certain shortcomings which allow us freely to criticize them, and while envying their gifts, to love them all the more. To the works of men like these, not forgetting Clementi, Hummel, and others, we have been now and then introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts; and rarely has one been heard, when adequately performed, without affording unanimous satisfaction. The comprehensiveness, in short, with which the scheme of these entertainments is carried out forms by no means one of their least salient attractions.

But to quit generalization, we may proceed at once briefly to comment upon what, up to this moment, have been the leading incidents of the twelfth season. A detailed account of particulars is uncalled for, inasmuch as it would be tedious alike to our readers and to ourselves were we to enter into new descriptions of works that have long been recognised, and, until the system of Herr

Richard Wagner becomes the accepted doctrine, will continue to be recognised, as masterpieces. Let us first state that Mr. Chappell had, as usual, provided well for the legitimate success of his speculation, by engaging the services of a quartet of string-instrument players of proved ability. At the head of these was a lady, whose singular genius absolved her from any necessity of claiming precedence under shelter of the universally accepted motto—"place aux dames." Woman though she be, Madame Norman Neruda holds her position by right of thorough ability to sustain it with honour. She has for some time enjoyed a reputation on the Continent as the greatest lady-performer on the violin since Teresa Milanollo, who played "first fiddle" at some of the concerts of the "Beethoven Quartet Society," instituted by the late Mr. T. Alsager (one of the most enthusiastic amateurs of his day), more than a quarter of a century since. But, in our opinion, Madame Neruda surpasses her famous predecessor in more than one respect. During her short visit to England, last summer, she showed herself a mistress alike of *fantasia* and *concerto*—of the free and severe styles of *bravura* playing. At a concert in St. James's Hall she also declared her capacity in another way, by admirably leading Mendelssohn's quartet in D major—No. 1, Op. 44. At the Monday Popular Concerts, during an interesting series of performances, she has now emphatically proved herself, without distinction of sex, a master of quartet-playing inferior to few that could be named. To say that she possesses a tone equal in strength and richness to that of Herr Joseph Joachim, or that in depth of sentiment and vigour of execution she emulates that greatest of all living masters of the violin, would be to say what is untrue; but where Madame Neruda falls short of Herr Joachim is where, on such an instrument as the fiddle, a woman must inevitably fall short of a man. On the other hand, she has graces of her own which Herr Joachim would no more attempt to rival than Mars to rival the fascinations of Venus. Her handling of the "instrument of instruments" is, in its manner, perfect. Her tone, though wanting in breadth, is singularly sweet and agreeable; her mechanism, almost invariably true, is in certain respects prodigious; her intonation is rarely, if ever, at fault; and her expression is enchanting—not only because it is always natural and unaffected, not only because it is utterly devoid of commonplace, but because it bears the stamp of original thought. One of the great attractions of this lady's expression is the entire absence of exaggeration; and this, combined with a manner of phrasing which could scarcely by any possibility be more finished, lends an indescribable charm to her playing. Enough that, in Madame Neruda, Mr. Chappell has obtained both a new attraction for the public, and a mainstay for his quartets, when "the inimitable J. J."—as Herr Joachim is familiarly (and appropriately) styled among amateurs—is not at disposal. The other members of the quartet, during the concerts preceding Christmas, were Herr L. Ries, who has been "second violin" from the commencement; Signor Zerbini, an occasional and very serviceable, because very competent, viola; and Signor Piatti, whose absence from the quartet of the Monday Popular Concerts would, we think, be more severely felt than that of any other performer. A violinist may lead—and, for a time, Herr Joachim not be missed; but a violoncellist, no matter who, can never play without creating cause for regret that Signor Piatti is absent. Happily, Signor Piatti is now invariably present, his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts being for the uninterrupted series—season after season.

And now, in a few sentences, we may state what Madame Neruda played, and what she played the best. At the first concert the quartets were Mendelssohn's in D major (already mentioned), and Haydn's in D minor (so often compared with that of Mozart in the same key, which Mozart dedicated to Haydn). With Mendelssohn we were pleased—as was the case last summer; but with Haydn we were beyond measure charmed; purer expression of music that is purity itself could hardly be imagined. At the same concert the lady-violinist gave to perfection the sonata of Mozart in B flat, for violin and pianoforte, written for Madlle. Strinasacchi—the Norman Neruda, doubtless, of Mozart's day, although her fame is now exclusively due to the sonata composed expressly for her by the man who also composed *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*. In this performance Madame Neruda's coadjutor, at the pianoforte, was Herr Ernst Pauer—a worthy coadjutor, we need hardly say. At the next concert Madame Neruda led a quartet by Haydn, in B flat—a display of execution as superior to that in Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet, No. 2 (E minor), first piece in the programme, as the quartet of Beethoven is superior to that of Haydn. Here we could not but feel that beyond a certain line the genius of the new and interesting violinist, however unique, could not travel. The ripe productions of the greatest of musicians are out of her intellectual reach. At the subsequent concert, however, she not only showed that she could play Mozart's quartet in D minor as well as she had already played its counterpart, by Haydn, in the same key, but she roused the audience to enthusiasm in the *adagio* from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. To play Haydn and Mozart so as to satisfy their most fervent admirers is no small thing; but to add Spohr—the great realist, who could see the clouds, and imagine nothing above—was to earn a fresh claim for versatility. At the fourth concert Madame Neruda gained a new kind of victory, with Schubert's romantic and somewhat melancholy quartet in A minor (the "Hungarian")—playing on the same occasion, with Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his grand trio in B flat (about which Schumann talked so much rhapsody), and, with Mr. Hallé, Beethoven's sonata in A minor

(Op. 23). The last-named composer's quartet in G major (Op. 18), and a quartet by Haydn (in C), at the concert after, provided for Madame Neruda not only an occasion again to show how thoroughly she could enter into the spirit of Haydn, but one to show how in Beethoven's earlier works she could feel just as thoroughly at home with Beethoven. At this concert she played, with Mr. Hallé, Mozart's beautiful sonata in F (containing the variations in D minor)—administering to all that heard her a salutary lesson in natural and untortured phrasing. Next followed, on her last appearance, Madame Neruda's greatest success, and also her only failure—if failure, where there was so much of excellent, it could justly be called. Anything more touching, refined, and beautiful than her reading of Mozart's "Orpheus" (it has been aptly styled) quintet in G minor—the quintet of all quintets—was never heard; anything more comparatively disappointing than her performance (with Mr. Hallé) of Beethoven's well-known sonata dedicated to Kreutzer could scarcely be fancied. But this merely shows that if we expect constant perfection we are likely to be deceived. In summing up, briefly, the effect produced upon us by Madame Neruda's successive performances, we may say that she is the greatest and most accomplished lady-violinist in our remembrance; but that she is still a lady-violinist. In Haydn and Mozart she is perfect; in the earlier works of Beethoven (whose two Romances, in F and G, by the way, she played at a morning and evening concert, respectively, as well as we could dream of hearing them played) she is perfect; in Mendelssohn she is showy and brilliant; but in the larger and profounder works of Beethoven she is somewhat out of her depth. Criticism apart, she is a genuine artist, and an invaluable acquisition to the Monday Popular Concerts.

We have already hinted that among the pianists before Christmas were Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé. Herr Pauer produced, on one evening, a very marked effect by his vigorous and artistic execution of Schubert's very difficult and very elaborate *fantasia* in C—the one in which the theme of the well-known song, "The Wanderer," is introduced. Mr. Hallé brought forward nothing that he had not previously given at these concerts. This gentleman's execution is as exquisitely neat, as mechanically irreproachable, as ever; but his expression, as was shown more particularly in the sonatas of Schubert in B flat major and A minor, is becoming somewhat over-elaborated. He will not allow a phrase to speak for itself, but puts all, so to say, in "fine language." One might imagine that Mr. Hallé looked upon every simple melody (to quote *Les Précieuses Ridicules*) as "*du dernier bourgeois*," and strove his utmost to make it assume "*le bel air des choses*." The other pianist before Christmas was a young lady, a foreigner, who attempted Beethoven's so-called *Sonata Pastorale* (in D—Op. 28), and played it in a manner so closely resembling that of an imperfectly educated school-girl, that we withhold her name, and merely enter a protest against such exhibitions at high-class entertainments, as altogether out of place.

The two concerts since Christmas have been interesting for more reasons than one. That conscientiously striving violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, on each evening, led the quartets, with his accustomed zeal and ability. These were the glorious No. 1 (so-called, although, in strict accuracy, No. 3) of Beethoven, in F, and his still more glorious No. 9 (No. 3 of the "Rasoumowsky" set), in C. Then we had, for the twentieth time at least, the same composer's famous Septet in E flat, for string and wind instruments—about which Haydn thought so much, and Beethoven, affectedly, so little, while posterity, without reference either to Haydn or Beethoven, has proclaimed it "immortal"; and Mozart's scarcely less familiar, and certainly not less beautiful, quintet in A, for clarinet and string quartet, in which Mr. Lazarus plays the clarinet part as well as he has ever played it—and he has played it often enough. At each of these concerts the pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard, in accordance with what, in her case, is a time-honoured custom, brought forward something never previously heard at these concerts. On the first evening it was a grand *fantasia* by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest of Johann Sebastian Bach's twenty-one children, and most gifted of his twelve sons, the majority of whom were more or less musical. The second son, Philipp Emmanuel, is in the world's belief, after his father, the most celebrated who bears the honoured name; but this Philipp Emmanuel himself said of his elder brother, W. Friedemann, that he (W. Friedemann) represented their father better than all the rest of them put together ("*Er konnte unsern Vater eher ersetzen als wir alle zusammen-genommen*"). The truth is, however, that Friedemann Bach was more richly endowed than industrious—that is, he understood, compared with the people about him—for an idle "Bach" would have been something very far beyond a perseveringly diligent composer bearing any other name. Enough that Friedemann Bach has left a great deal of music, much of which is in print, still more, possibly, in manuscript. What is known of him shows that he stands nearer to his illustrious father even than Philipp Emmanuel, of whom Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (totally ignorant of Friedemann) knew so much, and whom they esteemed so highly. Friedemann was the greatest organist of his day, and the greatest organ composer. What Madame Goddard selected, as an example of his genius, was one of those works for the clavichord (now pianoforte) which have hitherto only existed in manuscript.* She had already played it at her Pianoforte Recitals, last year, to a more select (which may signify less numerous) audience; but the reception given to it by

Mr. Chappell's "2000," or thereabouts, was heartier than could by any likelihood have been obtained from a "fashionable" audience in the summer. The work itself, which we have no space to describe, is eminently remarkable; it not only foreshadows Haydn and Mozart, but occasionally even Beethoven. Unlike the organ music of Friedemann Bach, which bears so close a resemblance to that of his father, it is something quite new and distinct from the clavichord music of that great model—as new, indeed, for its time, as anything that ever came from spontaneously plastic genius. At the second concert Madame Goddard played the magnificent "Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata" in C minor of Woelfl—another among the many neglected musical geniuses who have lived, and laboured, and produced comparatively in vain. To Woelfl, however, about whom we hope to find some other opportunity of speaking, we have already cursorily referred; and all we can at present say of his Sonata in C minor* is that it was just as welcome and just as cordially received as the *Fantasia* of W. Friedemann Bach. Madame Goddard's other performances were Mendelssohn's Sonata in D (No. 2) for pianoforte and violoncello, and W. Sterndale Bennett's Sonata-duo in A for the same instruments—in both of which her associate was Signor Piatti. Players better matched could not be named—in saying which we are paying the highest possible compliment to each. The sonata of our greatest English musician was especially interesting, as having been given for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—although it is now some eighteen years since it was written (expressly for Signor Piatti). A more finished, interesting, and engaging piece of its kind could hardly be named. The middle movement alone would stamp it as a work of genius.

The vocal music at these concerts, though not invariably of the same high order, or exhibiting the same commendable spirit of research, as the instrumental, was especially noticeable at the two concerts under immediate consideration. The singer was Mr. Santley, who at the first concert introduced, for the first time, an Italian song by Alessandro Scarlatti (father of Domenico Scarlatti, the celebrated composer for the harpsichord), "*O cessate di piangere*," which Handel might have owned, and from which Handel unquestionably drew inspiration, besides two of the most familiar songs of Schubert—the "Praise of Tears," and "Hark, the Lark." When Mr. Santley sings, and when Mr. Santley sings such music, it must add to the attraction of any concert, however classical.

Madame Neruda reappears on Monday; and after her is to come Herr Joseph Joachim—with whose appearance, as of yore, the Monday Popular Concert season attains its zenith.

REVIEWS.

MR. FROUDE'S FINAL VOLUMES.†

(First Notice.)

MR. FROUDE has all of a sudden changed his title-page and brought his book to an end fifteen years sooner than everybody had expected. Through five pair of volumes we have been promised a History "from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." Now, without any hint of the probability or the reason of the change, the "Death of Elizabeth" is silently changed into the "Defeat of the Spanish Armada." The only explanation which Mr. Froude vouchsafes comes, perhaps not unnaturally, in the form of a postscript, and, still more naturally, takes the shape of a metaphor or parable. Chess-players, at a certain stage of the game, "sweep the pieces from the board." Mr. Froude also thinks that he has "presumed too far already on the forbearance of his readers in the length to which he has run." We do not think so. Granting that he was to begin at all, we could have been well pleased to see him go on to the end. Mr. Froude, however, thinks otherwise. On the strength of the parallel of the chess-players and of his own alleged presumption, he has come to a sudden stop, and winds up his twelfth volume with a hearty growl at the Church of England, a full-length picture of Elizabeth, and a political apophthegm which certainly sounds very sententious, and which we do not doubt is very profound.

Mr. Froude has thus, suddenly beyond doubt, and without any very intelligible reason, cut himself short. What are we to say of the finished or unfinished work? We can really say nothing more than we have said for some time past every time that a new pair of volumes has appeared on our table. Mr. Froude set out in a frame of mind most dangerous for one who designed writing a history. As at all time that went before and that came after the immediate time of which he began to write, his mind was in a state of darkness that might be felt. His object, as he now tells us in his Conclusion, was "to transcribe the transition from the Catholic England with which the century opened, the England of a dominant Church and monasteries and pilgrimages, to the England of progressive intelligence." Of that elder England and all to do with it, of that dominant Church, its monasteries, its pilgrimages, and everything thereunto belonging, Mr. Froude has throughout displayed an ignorance which might seem astounding till we remember that there was a time when he himself played the hagiographer. To judge from all experience, to write the life of

* One of the interesting series of half-forgotten works included by Professor Sterndale Bennett in his "Classical Practice."

† *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vols. V. and VI. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

* It has just been published as No. 1 of a series of "Revivals."

a saint is the best of all possible apprenticeships to the art of forgetting the difference between truth and fiction, and of looking at everything through the spectacles of a foregone conclusion. Mr. Froude has changed his ground; we cannot say whether he follows the Sicambrian in worshipping what he once burned, but he certainly carries out the other half of the precept, and diligently burns what he once worshipped. But the habits of these times cleave to him to the last. He may indeed fairly claim to be looked on as an example of what he himself calls, grandly but somewhat darkly, "progressive intelligence." He has tried to improve, and in many points he has improved. At a distance of fifty years from the beginning of his history, he is no longer open to the charge of ignorance of the times immediately before the times of which he writes. And he no longer gives us the impression, which ever and anon suggested itself during the earlier volumes, that the whole thing was a hoax, that we were in the hands of a clever master of legerdemain who saw clearly through his own fallacies but wished to see how far he could go in making other people accept them. This suspicion has never occurred to us since Mr. Froude began the reign of Elizabeth. In these later volumes, notwithstanding an occasional wild outburst, he has on the whole been steady and serious. He has sometimes been so serious as even to become dull, which he certainly never was in the earlier volumes. The unregenerate Froude of the time of King Harry gave us decidedly more pleasant reading than the more decorous and sober Froude of the Elizabethan age. It was at least something new to come across some one who crowded with delight over the murders of More and Whiting. There was a vigour about it of which we see but faint traces in the half-stifled yearnings with which Mr. Froude now looks back to the happy days when truth was so effectually found out by means of the rack. The Froude of Elizabeth differs from the Froude of Henry in many points, some for the better, some for the worse. The ignorance of his own immediate past with which Mr. Froude set out is now of course changed for what is, in one sense, a more intimate acquaintance with them than belongs to anybody else. But there are still ever and anon signs of that imperfect knowledge of general history which has been Mr. Froude's stumbling-block throughout. In his treatment of foreign relations we constantly feel that he is not speaking out of that fulness of general knowledge which, as it learns fresh details, can at once put them into their right places, but only from a sort of hand-to-mouth getting up of the details themselves. The inherent inaccuracy of his mind cleaves to him to the last. We do not say that he is consciously unfair, but the gift of distinguishing truth from fiction was not born with him. It probably never came into his head that when he professes to repeat a man's own words he ought to repeat the man's own words, and not something else. His bitter hatred of the Church never leaves him. But that is only the old disease in a new form. A man who has written the life of a saint may turn about and revile what he once revered, but in the act of writing the life of his saint he bade farewell for ever to accuracy in the theological matters and to the historian's way of looking at them.

Looking at Mr. Froude's history simply as a composition, it is not easy to say whether it has improved or fallen off as it has gone on. We think that, on the whole, the best things that he has written are in his later volumes, and some of the very best are in the two volumes before us. He is, to our mind, better able than he was at first to rise to the level of a great historic scene, and to describe it without falling into extravagance and affectation. But the sustained interest of the earlier part was better kept up; the general level was higher; the book, as we before said, was, as a whole, pleasanter reading. This is partly owing to the subject. The reign of Elizabeth supplies, ever and anon, scenes worthy of the highest historical description; and, if we take the life of Mary of Scotland as part of the reign of Elizabeth, their number becomes greater still. But the general level of the subject, at all events as Mr. Froude has chosen to look at it, is decidedly dull. We believe that, if he had chosen to pay more heed to either the constitutional or the ecclesiastical aspect of the time, he might have raised his history to a much higher level of general interest. But constitutional and ecclesiastical matters are not Mr. Froude's strong point, and perhaps on the whole the less he meddles with them the better. In his hands, putting aside a brilliant scene here and there, the history of Elizabeth becomes mainly a history of intrigue. And a history of intrigue calls for skill of a very high kind to keep it from becoming both dull and hard to follow. No skill can make a diplomatic intrigue so interesting as either a battle or a Parliamentary debate; but we believe that something more might be done than has been done by Mr. Froude. At any rate we do not carry away from his narrative the same vivid remembrance of men and their doings which we carry away from Lord Macaulay's narrative. Mr. Froude does not take the trouble—it is, after all, mainly a matter of taking trouble—to set either persons or places clearly before us. He smuggles his characters in instead of introducing them. Take for instance three persons, three Stuarts, who become of importance in the course of the eleventh volume. First, there is Stuart of Aubigny who becomes Duke of Lennox, who won so great an influence over the mind of the young King James, and whom Mr. Froude, taking on him to decide a very nice point, rules to be the greatest scoundrel in his whole history. Then there is the Stuart, first appearing as Colonel Stuart, who becomes Earl of Arran; and lastly a third Stuart,

also described as a Colonel, who appears at a later stage. Now not one of the three is introduced in the way in which Lord Macaulay would have introduced them, so that we should never have to stop or look back in order to feel quite certain who it is that we are reading about. The last Colonel indeed creeps in altogether unawares; it needs a microscope to mark the exact point at which he enters upon the stage. Nor are matters much mended by spelling one man's name *Stuart* and another's *Stewart*, a distinction as absolutely without a difference as the distinction between Smith and Smythe or between Napper and Napier. *Stewart* is doubtless the more correct of the two, but, if we come to correctness, *Stewart* might be preferred to either. Mr. Froude in short seems to describe people as he finds them described in the particular document which he has before him. We have seen, though not in Mr. Froude, references to Saint Augustine's work "*La Cité de Dieu*"; otherwise we should think that Mr. Froude was the only person capable of calling an Austrian Archduke "*Carlos*," simply because it was a Spanish document in which he was spoken of. So there is something very odd when Mr. Froude twice (xi. 518) talks about "a daughter of Lorraine," a "*Lorraine marriage*." The spelling is no doubt the spelling of the particular manuscript which he had before him. But to follow it in this casual kind of way, when he spells the name elsewhere in the usual way, is not what a man would do to whom the word *Lorraine* was a living thing which at once conveyed its meaning. Mr. Froude's notions of Continental history, the moment he gets off the text of his immediate authorities, are often so passing strange that it is really quite possible that he may have forgotten that "*a daughter of Lorraine*" must needs be a kinswoman of the House of Guise. At all events we may leave it to Mr. Froude and the writer of the Court Circular to settle between them why we should read in two lines following of "*the Duke of Guise*" and of "*his brother the Duc de Mayenne*." Why not just as well "*the King of France and the Rey de España*?"

These trifles, showing as they do the incurable inaccuracy of Mr. Froude's mind, lead us to more important matters, namely to his equally incurable inaccuracy in all matters of quotation and reference. Mr. Froude has a great advantage over some other historians in having to deal so largely with unpublished manuscripts at Simancas and elsewhere. It is only a very small proportion of his readers who are likely to be able and willing to follow him even to the Record Office. It is a comfort, therefore, when he brings himself within arm's length of every reader who has a decent library, by quoting such obvious authorities as Camden and Sir Simonds D'Ewes. At vol. xi., p. 335, we get what purports to be a speech of Sir Walter Mildmay, given within inverted commas, and with no sign of anything being left out. In any writer of ordinary accuracy this would imply that what Mr. Froude gives us are the very words of Mildmay's speech. He might of course with perfect fairness have given us the substance of the speech in his own words, but when a thing is put in inverted commas those inverted commas are commonly held to guarantee the exact accuracy of the quotation. Yet when we turn to our D'Ewes, we find that Mr. Froude has treated Sir Walter Mildmay after the cruellest of all the cruel fashions of country reporters. He has taken a bit here and a bit there, and has printed these detached bits as if they had been spoken consecutively. It thus happens that the "*most honourable, grave, wise, and honest speech*" which was delivered by Sir Walter Mildmay in the long rolling periods of the sixteenth century, and which Sir Simonds D'Ewes caused to be transcribed at large, is metamorphosed in the hands of Mr. Froude into a series of short, smart, spasmodic sentences, which remind us of nothing so much as the wildest parts of Mr. Kingsley's Roman and Teuton. We do not mean that Mr. Froude does not give a fair enough abstract of the speech, if it had been given merely as an abstract; but no one who had any idea of accuracy in the matter of quotation would, after going on for some while in the form of an abstract, actually turn about, and give as the very words of the speech something which is not its very words.

Another unpleasant characteristic which accompanies Mr. Froude to the end is his incurable unfairness in all ecclesiastical matters, and his fanatical hatred of the system of the English Church as finally settled under Elizabeth. Every tale that he can rake together to the disadvantage of an Elizabethan bishop is seized on with glee and trotted out incidentally at some point where it will tell, though no regular and connected narrative of ecclesiastical events is even attempted. The character of Archbishop Parker is sported away in a note, for the redress of which wrong we look to Dr. Hook's next volume; meanwhile Mr. Froude is conveniently silent as to the infamous tricks played by Elizabeth and her courtiers in order to make estates for court favourites out of episcopal lands. A line or two of text is indeed given to the swindling transaction by which Bishop Cox of Ely was driven to surrender his London house to Sir Christopher Hatton. But why? Because the story gives Mr. Froude an opportunity of quoting at full length a letter from Lord North to the Bishop, in which all the Bishop's real or pretended enormities are strongly set forth:—

It will be no pleasure for you to have Her Majesty and the Council know how wretchedly you live, how extremely covetous, how great a grazer, how marvellous a dairyman, how rich a farmer, how great an owner. It will not like you that the world know of your decayed houses, of the lead and brick that you sell from them, of the leases that you pull violently from many; of the copyholds you lawlessly enter into, of the free lands which you wrongfully possess, of the tolls and imposts which you raise, of God's good ministers which you causelessly displace.

Comment, Mr. Froude says, would be thrown away on the letter. One comment is obvious enough, that a bishop was under every temptation to scrape together whatever he could out of his estates while he held them, not knowing how soon he might be bullied out of them to enrich some greedy courtier.

Such are some of the general remarks suggested by Mr. Froude's volumes. We mean to return to the subject, and to examine each of them more fully in detail.

TIMON.*

NO literary reputation has of late years lost so much of its brilliance as that of the great and terrible pamphleteer whose name stands at the head of this paper. Twenty years' experience of a sterner system has awakened Frenchmen to the frivolity of most of his attacks on the Government of Louis Philippe. As party heats have cooled, the intemperance of his language has begun to excite more disgust than admiration, and those who observe how little it is relished by the educated part of the present generation of his countrymen may well doubt whether anything but the mystery of the authorship has kept the fame of "Junius" alive. But the great cause of the decay of interest in the writings of "Timon" has undoubtedly been of another kind. It cannot be denied that M. de Cormenin was a most equivocal personage, and that to all appearance nobody ever more openly and cynically enacted the part of the patriot selling himself for money and place. It is to secure some mitigation of the severe sentence passed by Frenchmen on the acts of M. de Cormenin's later years that M. Charles Louandre has prefixed a biographical notice of its author to the eighteenth edition of the *Livre des Orateurs*.

Few popular writers have had a more unlikely training than M. de Cormenin. At a comparatively early age he had made himself a great lawyer of a kind rare in France. He was in fact the creator of one important branch of French case-law. Long before the enactment of the Code Napoleon French law was contained in formal general propositions, and indeed the Code itself is to a surprising extent a mere selection of rules and maxims from the works of Pothier. In pre-revolutionary days, as at the present moment, mere judicial decisions were regarded in a very different light from that in which English lawyers are accustomed to see them; they were thought worthy of little respect, and might always be reviewed on an appeal to the recognised general rule. Still French law has never been able to free itself from the operation of the universal principle that, the more imperfect are a set of general juridical propositions, the stronger is their tendency to complete themselves by supplementary rules founded on judicial interpretations of their text. In M. de Cormenin's younger days one branch of French law which was of growing importance had a very incomplete basis of general rules, and was chiefly contained in the decisions of Courts. This was the department of law known as *Droit administratif*. A question is, strictly speaking, decided administratively when it is decided arbitrarily between two functionaries, or between a private person and some functionary or the Government. The object of an administrative system is to exclude as much as possible the application of strict rules, but the Council of State, the body which in the last resort decides this class of questions in France, is principally composed of lawyers, who, bringing a legal habit of mind to their work, have gradually evolved a set of principles which they systematically apply to the decision of administrative questions. M. de Cormenin, when he began to practise before the Council of State, found this "jurisprudence," as it is called in France, in a condition of extreme confusion, and, by what is admitted by French lawyers to have been a great intellectual effort, he arranged and methodized it in a well-known French law-book. Cormenin's *Droit administratif* has a professional reputation in France at least equal to that of Sugden's *Vendors and Purchasers*, and it was probably of even greater practical importance.

It is curious to contrast the effect of a reputation of this sort, won in early life, on the person who enjoyed it and on French opinion, with the probable results of a similar success in England. When he was barely thirty, M. de Cormenin was as famous a lawyer as Lord St. Leonards at the most distinguished period of his career at the Bar. It may be safely laid down that such a success in England would, in the first instance at all events, facilitate any efforts which the man to whom it had fallen might make to acquire distinction in politics or literature. In France, and to M. de Cormenin, it was a formidable obstacle. Many writers to the last thought it sufficient to reply to his brilliant pamphlets by calling him a mere case-lawyer. But the effect produced on M. de Cormenin himself was still more singular. It made him bitterly discontented with his professional fame, and possessed him with a burning ambition for distinction in all walks of thought and action which had least affinity for that one to which he had devoted his early powers. The great lawyer was bent on writing successful political pamphlets, and in this attempt he succeeded beyond what must have been his wildest hopes, though he gained his object by abandoning every shred of restraint on decency and good feeling. But his most passionate desire was to become a great orator. The arguments before the Council of State are not public, and M. de Cormenin was never satisfied till he obtained a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Here he

mistook the limits of his powers. He never could make a tolerable speech, but the dream of his life betrays itself in the book now before us, the *Livre des Orateurs*. It is certain that no man of true oratorical power could have written it. The genuine orator is too conscious of the necessary limitations of his art to be able to believe that the minute distinctions drawn by M. de Cormenin between the style of one speaker and another have any reality in them. The *Livre des Orateurs* reminds one of nothing so much as a treatise on beauty by a plain woman.

M. de Cormenin was born a member of a noble but untitled family, and the successful lawyer of aristocratic extraction was exactly the person whom the Bourbons of the elder branch delighted to honour. Louis XVIII. made him a baron, and Charles X. a viscount, a *majorat* or special entail of property being at the same time effected by the Crown for the support of this latter dignity. M. de Cormenin never became a peer, but in 1828 he obtained his election to the Chamber of Deputies, where his incapacity for attaining the oratorical eminence for which he burned was amply established. As he had voted steadily with the Liberals of the Chamber, no one was more confidently reckoned on as an adherent of the Monarchy of July, but, as on a later occasion, the expectations formed about him were signally disappointed. Very shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe he resigned his seat in the Chamber, declaring that both the new throne and the new institutions were stained with illegitimacy. But the ground which he took up was not that of the Legitimist party. M. de Cormenin, as he asserted, was ready to give his allegiance to any form of government which the people of France should adopt, voting by universal suffrage and by secret ballot; but nothing short of this would content him. This, in 1830, was a profession of ultra-Radical faith, and accordingly for the next twenty years M. de Cormenin took rank as an extreme democrat. It was in this character that he was always understood to make his violent and most successful attacks on the person and private life of the King of the French. It may be safely said that George III. was not one-tenth part as much damaged by the libels of Junius as Louis Philippe by the bitter attacks of Timon on his civil list and personal expenditure, for the simple reason that the English King had at his back what the French King never had—a solid mass of traditional support and respect in the body of the nation which the most venomous assaults of the pamphleteer never so much as touched. The Revolution of February, 1848, was no doubt, as M. Renan has said, the casual triumph of a handful of *étourdis*; but the ease with which the constitutional monarchy succumbed proved at least that there was nowhere any strong attachment to it, and to no one more than to M. de Cormenin is attributable the tepid feebleness of the loyalty which it inspired. How deeply his blows penetrated was shown by the first acts of Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'état* of 1851. The decree which confiscated most of the possessions of that House of Orleans which the Emperor of the French has always so heartily hated recited in its preamble that the private property of French princes had always been merged by law in their civil list; and this proposition, which nobody but a lawyer like M. de Cormenin would originally have thought very important, had been urged against Louis Philippe by Timon with a force and bitterness which had made it pass in the popular mind as a sort of eternal truth. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that the provision for Louis Philippe was not excessive, and that, even if it were, M. de Cormenin cared nothing on principle for excessive civil lists. It was a mistake, as it turned out, in the King of the French to show so much anxiety to have his private domain recognised as independent of the public money voted to him, but the feeling uppermost in his mind seems to have been far less greediness or stinginess than want of faith in the stability of his own throne and dynasty; and for all that he asked and received he has now an ample posthumous justification in the enormously greater sums allotted to the present Emperor of the French. As for M. de Cormenin, the fact that between 1851 and his death his lot was thrown in with the fortunes of Napoleon III. is proof enough that he had no abstract liking for parsimony of regal expenditure.

The later years of M. de Cormenin's life are those which, if French opinion is to be deferred to, brought discredit on M. de Cormenin's name. He accepted high place in the Council of State from the Prince President, and was reckoned till his death a thoroughgoing partisan of the new dynasty. It would be monstrous to hold that everybody who has done this disgraced himself for ever; but a pamphleteer who made profession of political austerity, and passed many years in reviling the King of the French for everything which the Emperor has unhesitatingly permitted to himself, cannot be quite judged by the same standard as other men. Moreover, M. de Cormenin, who had been chosen to the Constituent Assembly in 1848 as a Republican, was believed to have had a principal hand in framing the Republican Constitution; and when that proposal was made to revise it which was unfortunately defeated, he combated all change with a heartiness which looked exceedingly like the affection of a parent. It is difficult to believe that M. de Cormenin was not purchased by the Empire. His biographer indeed assures us that, though he accepted high office in the Council of State, he declined to enter the Senate. But the refusal meant, we suspect, something different from what M. Louandre supposes. In 1851 M. de Cormenin had probably convinced himself at last that he was incapable of doing that which he would have given the world to do, of making a tolerable speech. He failed in the Chamber of

* *Livre des Orateurs*. Par L. M. de Cormenin. 18^{me} édition. Paris: Pagnerre. 1869.

Deputies, and made his escape from it as soon as possible. He failed in the Republican Assemblies, and, small as was at first the publicity of debate in the Senate, he was probably unwilling to face it.

The true explanation of his political career seems to be that he was at heart a strong Legitimist, as he was to the last a fervent Ultramontane Catholic. In 1830 his love for popular applause led him to adopt a line of opposition to the new dynasty very different from that followed by those who agreed with him in feeling; and, having once committed himself to the sacredness of universal suffrage, he persuaded himself that he might be excused for bowing to it even as manipulated by the present Emperor. He was certainly not a man of much principle or delicacy; but it is just to add that he had a sincere desire for the enlightenment of the agricultural population which was very rare among educated Frenchmen of his day. His *Entretiens de Village*, one of the most popular books in France, must always be remembered to his honour.

JANE AUSTEN.*

IT seems hard, and it would be unjust, to say that this memoir is disappointing, and yet that is the feeling with which most people will lay it down. But they must in fairness confess that the fault lies, not with the author, but with the subject, and with themselves for expecting more than they could find. It is natural to turn with interest to the life of one who has enriched the world's stage with new characters. We hope to get behind the scenes, to see the hand that pulls the strings, to hear what are the feelings with which the creator regards his own creations. How came he to know this phase of life? From what store of his own experience had he drawn the materials for this scene? What had he gone through to be able to describe this passion? Sometimes an unexpected light is thrown on these questions by an author's life. The powerful and passionate creations of Currer Bell, which the world marvelled to learn had sprung from the brain of a delicate girl, were rendered one degree less incomprehensible when Mrs. Gaskell told her strange story of the wild and solitary life on the Yorkshire moors. But in too many cases the story is unsatisfying, and we feel like the child who has pulled his toy to pieces and finds himself no wiser about its mechanism than before. The relation of an author of fiction to his works is manifold in its variety. Sometimes they reflect in an endless series of imaginary characters his own personality; sometimes he seems to have led a double life—one perhaps of bare, hard prose, the other of imagination. Goethe or Byron reappearing again and again as Meister, as Faust, as Manfred, as Childe Harold, "one form with many names"; on the other hand, the author of the gay and graceful *Essays of Elia* patiently drudging in his City office, his life darkened by the shadow of a terrible calamity—these may represent the two extremes. To neither of these two classes does Miss Austen belong. It may indeed be said that her novels are the reflection of her life; not, however, in the sense that she has projected her own personality into her characters, but that she has drawn accurately and faithfully the persons and circumstances among which she lived.

A glance at her novels will show how unreasonable it would be to suppose that we should learn very much more about her from her biography. They suggest none of the difficulties which perplex us in the case of other authors. There is not an event in them which might not have happened to ourselves; not a character whom we might not have met. There never were stories which depended less for their effect upon out-of-the-way incidents. Just such was the story of her life. It flowed down the unruffled course of modest, quiet happiness. She never felt the pinch of want. Her domestic relations were happy. There is no reason to suppose that any secret trouble other than the petty worries and trials of ordinary life ever supplied an element of romance or disquiet to her existence. One of her reviewers surmised that the concealed attachment of Fanny Price to Edmund Bertram must have been drawn from personal experience. We are, however, assured by her biographer that the conjecture was erroneous. And if her life was uniform, so also the circle of her experience was narrow. She lived in an age when the world was convulsed, but for all that we learn from her novels France or Napoleon might never have existed. She was never a literary lion, and accordingly never mixed in the fashionable or literary world. So little was her fame known even in her own neighbourhood that the verger at Winchester Cathedral, when a gentleman wished to be shown her grave, is reported to have asked, "Pray, Sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she was buried?" It is needless to say that she never even approached the confines of Bohemia, a region with which some of our lady-novelists seem strangely familiar.

What could be more difficult than to tell the story of such a life? Her biographer shall appear as his own apologist; the apology could not be better made:—

It has been said that the happiest individuals, like nations during their happiest periods, have no history. In the case of my aunt, it was not only that her course of life was unvaried, but that her own disposition was remarkably even. There was in her nothing eccentric or angular: no

ruggedness of temper; no singularity of manner; none of the morbid sensibility or exaggeration of feeling, which not unfrequently accompanies great talents, to be worked up into a picture. Hers was a mind well balanced on a basis of good sense, sweetened by an affectionate heart, and regulated by fixed principles; so that she was to be distinguished from many other amiable and sensible women only by that peculiar genius which shines out clearly enough in her works, but of which a biographer can make little use.

Let us at once say that the work, of which the difficulties have been thus sketched, has been well done. The story is indeed slight, very slight; but when you have little to tell, it is not the least of merits to confine yourself to that little. The memoir is written in a tone of calm, quiet candour, and good sense as well as good taste, which is not unworthy of its subject. It is distinguished by no outbursts of extravagant adulation and clap-trap sentiment, nor is it stuffed with irrelevant episodes. We do not hear too much about ancestors, and relations and friends, persons who are of no interest except in so far as they affect the subject of the biography. There is, so far as we remember, only one very wide digression, and that is a case in which the author has thought that the insertion of a letter written by a remote ancestress, and preserved in the family archives, was justified by its intrinsic interest. In short, the book consists, as it professes to consist, of the personal recollections of a surviving and near relative who, finding no one else to execute the task, has undertaken to write down what he can remember about one whose name is cherished and honoured in her family, before the last living memory in which her picture is preserved shall have passed away. It must have been a labour of love to him to draw for his family the portrait of "Dear Aunt Jane." We, who are not of his family, thank him for preserving, in however slight an outline, the picture of one whose name has spread, since her death, far beyond the narrow circle in which she lived.

We will insert a few dates, which go far to make up the brief and simple history of Jane Austen's life. She was born at Steventon Parsonage, in Hampshire, on the 16th of December, 1775. Her father was a clergyman in easy circumstances, and held the adjoining rectories of Deane and Steventon. Here she lived till 1801, and here, in the years '96-'98, she composed her earliest novels, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Northanger Abbey*. In 1801 the family removed to Bath, where her father died in 1805. Then followed four years at Southampton; after which she, with her mother and sister, found a second home at Chawton Cottage, in Hampshire, at a house which one of her brothers, Mr. Knight (he had taken the name), provided for them on his property. It was at Chawton, between the years 1811 and 1816, that she wrote *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*, and published all her works except the two, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, which were not given to the world till after her death. The seeds of a malady which ultimately proved fatal appeared in 1816; in the spring of 1817 she went to Winchester for the purpose of consulting a physician of reputation, and died there on the 18th of July in the same year. Those who are familiar with her novels will recognise the source of her acquaintance with Bath society, which fills so important a part in some of them. It must be said that she had visited the place before her family for a time fixed their home there. Her familiarity with naval matters and characters is explained by her having had two brothers in the navy, each of whom rose to be an admiral. The reason why *Northanger Abbey*, one of the earliest written of her novels, was the last published, is given in this volume. In 1803 it was sold to a publisher in Bath for ten pounds. He thought so little of it that he declined risking the expense of publishing it, and left it lying in his drawers. When in later years three of her other novels had attained success, she wished to recover the copyright of her earlier work. Her brother undertook the negotiation. The publisher, still ignorant of the authorship of the manuscript, willingly relinquished it for the sum for which he had purchased it, and then, and not till then, was informed of the value of what he had given up.

The story of the one distinction which she received in her lifetime is amusing. The Prince Regent's physician, who attended her brother, became aware that she was the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. It seems that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels. When aware of her name, he commissioned Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her, and through him she received the gracious permission to dedicate the next forthcoming of her works, which happened to be *Emma*, to His Royal Highness. A great honour, truly. The worthy Mr. Clarke became a correspondent of hers, and was kind enough to furnish her with two valuable suggestions as to future works—one, that she should "try to delineate the habits of life and character and enthusiasm of a clergyman, who should pass his time between the metropolis and the country, and who should be something like Beattie's Minstrel"; the other, made after he had become chaplain and private secretary to Prince Leopold, that she should compose "an historical romance founded on the House of Saxe-Cobourgh." Both suggestions were with much politeness, not unmixed however with playful railery, declined.

A life devoid of incident is often made interesting by letters. Mr. Austen-Leigh tells us that most of his aunt's correspondence, as relating exclusively to private matters, has been destroyed, and warns us not to expect too much from the little that he now publishes. It is true that some of them relate only to domestic subjects. Yet even these are not without interest as illustrating her bright and simple way of writing, whilst still greater interest attaches to those in which she gives literary advice to a niece then engaged in composing a novel; or again, in writing to her

* *A Memoir of Jane Austen*. By her Nephew, J. E. Austen-Leigh, Vicar of Bray, Berks. London: Richard Bentley. 1870.

sister Cassandra, says what she thinks about *Pride and Prejudice*, and about the various criticisms which had been passed on it. These and suchlike scanty materials are quite enough to furnish us with a picture of the bright, genial, sensible woman, full of quiet humour, and taking in and storing up with all a woman's fine and nice powers of observation every one of the petty details, absurd or pathetic, of the life that was going on around her. Let it be said to her credit that the portraits which she drew, individual though they were, could never in any case be identified with any actually existing character. There are some novelists whom, we confess, we should shun as much as the Special Correspondent of an American paper. Miss Austen was not one of those. She had genius enough to create, and did not need to photograph.

Some remarks, not inexcusably partial, made by Mr. Austen-Leigh on the character of Miss Austen's novels, may excuse us for adding some reflections of our own. Miss Austen's merits as a novelist obtained on the whole an early recognition, and her reputation is now settled among English writers. Sir Walter Scott appreciated her power of drawing that simple, natural life which he too often buried beneath costume. But her best-known encomiasts were Lord Macaulay and Archbishop Whately. That she should have been panegyricized by the most brilliant of surface-painters that ever wrote history, and by the great apostle of common sense, is a fact no less significant than complimentary. The future historian who wishes to know how people in English country towns looked and talked and lived sixty or seventy years ago, and does not care to inquire into their deeper thoughts and feelings, could find no more trustworthy source of information than Miss Austen's novels. Not that they have become obsolete; they are too much concerned with the universal side of human nature for that. But every here and there we stumble on little old-fashioned or unfamiliar expressions and modes of thought which take us back to a past generation as much as the coal-scuttle bonnets and roll collars which Mr. Bentley still judiciously preserves in his vignettes. Young ladies do not nowadays talk about their "beaux," and "monstrous nice, I vow," has been superseded by "awfully jolly" or some equally elegant phrase. And then there is the clergyman, a quiet gentlemanly young man, the squire's second son, who spends most of his time at his father's house, except when hard fate, taking the form of a curate's illness or a parish meeting, compels him to quit the pleasant society which he has been enlivening, and ride over to his rectory, some eight or ten miles off. How far off we are from the over-worked curate who has become the hero of later novels! If the historian admired Miss Austen's accuracy of portraiture, the Archbishop no less appreciated her sound sense, her shrewd remarks, and the entire absence of extravagance, unreality, and sentimentalism which characterizes her writings. There is indeed one bit of his praise which strikes us as rather odd. He commends her novels for their religious tone, and contrasts them favourably with Miss Edgeworth's works in that respect. Now "religious" is one of the last epithets we should think of applying to Miss Austen's novels. We think we remember that one of her young men is very properly blamed for the reprehensible habit of travelling on Sundays; but this can hardly justify the Archbishop's remarks. On the contrary, we should be inclined to say that the absence of constant reference to religious topics constitutes one of the chief merits of Miss Austen's novels. We don't wish to be profane, still less to imply for a moment that her own life and modes of thought were not religious; only the point of view from which the novelist regards, and ought to regard, life is essentially non-religious, and he had better leave the subject alone than drag it incongruously in. Nothing is more sickening than the rapid sentimentalities with which so-called religious novelists are in the habit of bolstering up their commonplace views of life. Miss Austen was too great a writer to be guilty of this fault.

And this leads us to what we think really constitutes her chief title to fame—namely, that she was more conscious than any other writer of her class of the true limits of her art. Probably something of this kind is meant when her novels are praised for their perfection and completeness. It is no paradox to say that to call a work perfect is not to attribute to it the highest praise. A work to be perfect of its kind cannot belong to the highest kind. Lay down one of Miss Austen's novels, and what is the impression that it leaves? Is it not a sense of pettiness? Our ears are filled with the din and clatter of small tongues making small talk. We have been involved in a series of endless little fussings, schemings, and gossipings. Yet what is this but to acknowledge that the world is infinitely petty when seen from the outside? The novelist undertakes to draw society as he sees it; the result is a picture rather small, rather commonplace, and by no means grand. It is not his fault. He only sees the waves that fret the surface, not the currents that move beneath. A man, if he is not a fool, does not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. We do not blame those writers of fiction who are unsatisfied with this, and try to penetrate deeper, and lay bare the springs of action. We are not of course speaking now of the contemptible trash which delights in placing impossible characters in impossible situations, and compensates for the unreality of its conceptions by the extravagance of its language. But even in the case of those few writers who have shown that they can see and describe things as they are, we are too often conscious of an attempt to reconcile two points of view which are irreconcilable. They feel that there is something deeper and truer than external prosperity, and yet they cannot quite give up the novelist's creed that

happiness is determined by circumstances. The result is a compromise which is felt to be unsatisfactory. They have but laid bare the wound, they cannot minister the salve. Sacrifice, submission, renunciation; without these this world would be for most an endless series of wretched failures and disappointments, a life-long beating of ineffectual wings against the cage. But these form no part of the ordinary novelist's creed. His creed is a happy optimism, a belief that everything will turn up right in the end. The rich relation dies, the opening occurs in the nick of time, and all is happiness and orange-blossoms. We should be reasonably angry with him if it were not so. Why unnecessarily torment his puppets, and us through them, when he can set all right with a stroke of the pen? The only danger consists in accepting the novelist's creed without possessing the novelist's omnipotence. But novels were intended to amuse and not to instruct, and those who go to them for their philosophy have only themselves to blame if they fare ill.

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN.*

THE founder of the Canoe Club has beyond question entitled himself to the traditional reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. We can imagine, however, the genial voluptuary who proposed the prize bestowing it somewhat grudgingly in a case where the pleasure remains, as much almost as the prize itself, the mere monopoly of the discoverer. A peculiar palate is certainly required to appreciate the flavour of the new enjoyment itself; for a delight the essence of which lies in its being shared by nobody else is hardly the sort of thing for the taste of pleasure-seekers in general. So multiform and marvellous are human tastes that no idiosyncrasy will seem to the philosopher to lie outside the pale of nature. The last extreme case may but teach him to readjust his standard of human motives and enlarge his catalogue of things which minister to human joys. The hermit or stylite or silentary of old may have been no dismal ascetic, as plain folks have commonly supposed, but simply an original, with his private views of pious enjoyment, quietly bent on keeping his paradise all to himself. It may be that he had too high an opinion of himself to throw away his society upon a world unworthy of him. Common people like ourselves might think it a queer way of enjoying the world to be always contemplating it, in solitary pride or self-content, from the top of a pillar or the hollow of a canoe. The greater, consequently, our curiosity to gather from our living and speaking solitaires in what this special charm consists. Are we to call it a morbid tendency? Or is it a healthful reaction either from the excessive fuss and turmoil or the palling pleasures of life, which drives men in our day into a wilderness of their own making? We have had one type in the Rev. Mr. Speke reading his Bible among the rocks of Devon. What are we to say of Mr. John Macgregor distributing tracts or singing the Old Hundredth Psalm down the Danube, or, wrapped in a fog in his lone canoe on Jordan, absorbed in his "traveller's book of Psalms, the kind parting present of the Earl of Shaftesbury"? The captain of the *Rob Roy* is certainly never tired of telling us how healthy and strong he is, as well as how religious. He can excite our envy at the same time that he makes us feel our abasement. It is not every one who both fears God and can carry five hundredweight. Nor can many a man paddle his canoe eight hours at a stretch at the rate of five miles an hour. Muscularity, which has somehow been popularly connected with broad views of theology, can no longer remain the exclusive boast of a section which the first of canoeists would probably reprobate above Popery itself. But for the trite saying that extremes often meet, we might also wonder to find the strictest Evangelicalism suddenly break out in a species of relic worship. Generally, it has been understood, idolatry of this simple kind has been reserved for persons and objects that have long passed away. Even Wesley had been gone, we believe, some years before his wig was exhibited to the eyes of the faithful under a glass-case. The modern saint or pilgrim has the advantage of airing himself in all the odour of his living and conscious sanctity in the presence of his worshippers. At the recent exposition of the Palestine Exploration Fund the public were treated to a sight, not only of the *Rob Roy*, but of relics hallowed, we may presume, either by the waters over which she had floated, or by the usage to which they had been applied. Mr. John Macgregor still remains amusingly blind to the innocent egotism which led him to parade his "unconsumed stores," his stumps of tooth-brushes, and his "emetic." The black and mouldy-looking crusts which some unmannerly critic mistook for "remnants of repasts" are now explained, with much wrath, to be "neat little loaves an inch on each side," certainly of a most enduring kind, which he "brought from Damascus twenty years ago." "You dip the loaves in water and they soften and expand." It is well for once to see the Englishman's horror of making himself ridiculous overridden by the Scotchman's proverbial inability to see a joke. Else we might have lost many of the most out-of-the-way incidents of the *Rob Roy's* wanderings, as well as many of the most telling revelations of her captain's inner consciousness. It is to this insensibility to the sort of figure he must occasionally have cut to profane eyes, especially those of the benighted foreigner, that we are indebted for much that is amusing and agreeable in the record of what might otherwise have

* *The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth, &c.* By J. Macgregor, M.A. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1869.

been thought one of the oddest outbursts of insular eccentricity. But for it we should have lost a great deal of really golden instruction and entertainment, mixed up with a good deal more of the alloy of self-exhibition in the latest adventures of the *Rob Roy* on Eastern waters.

To speak of being alone in his canoe would of course be, in her captain's eyes, disloyalty or want of affection towards his beloved little craft. "We"—i.e. he and she—were companions and familiar friends to each other. One soul seems to animate the two, and when either speaks the other answers. From the day when the little "Merkeb" astonished the Alexandrian natives, until she "assayed the Syrian lakes and the rivers and seas of Palestine," and entered on scenes never before opened to the traveller's gaze, we feel that half of the individuality belongs to the craft herself. The *Rob Roy* is "content to start at a slower pace and in easier navigation." The French officials of the Suez Canal Company, it is true, polite under all the cynicism of their race and creed, "barely concealed a suspicion that their guest was at least half crazy." An honest Belgian at the *table d'hôte* was moved to the confession, "Les Anglais sont plus chie que nous." The amount of thought and handicraft bestowed upon the *Rob Roy* may be supposed to have brought this sample of minute naval architecture well nigh to perfection:—

The *Rob Roy* is 14 feet long, 26 inches wide, and one foot deep outside, built of oak below and covered with cedar. A waterproof apron protects her from waves and rain. Her topmast is the second joint of my fishing-rod, and a third joint is ready in the stern. Her sails are dyed deep blue, an excellent plan, for it tempers the glare of the sun, and is more readily concealed from the Arab's eye. The blue bladed paddle is the same that was wielded in Sweden over many a broad lake, and though an inch of its edge had been split off by an upset of the canoe from a runaway cart in a Norway forest, yet I loved my old paddle best of them all. To sleep in the canoe I always go ashore, and work her backwards and forwards on the beach until the keel is firmly bedded for a good night's rest. Next we form a little cabin less than 3 feet high, and more than 6 feet long, and then having inside the gauze mosquito curtain, and over all a strong white waterproof sheet, 6 feet square, and drooping loose upon each side, we are made up snug, and can defy all kinds of weather. A "post-office bag," very light, but completely waterproof, has held our clothes during the day, and now it becomes a pillow. The bed is 3 feet long, and 14 inches wide, quite long enough for all one cares about, and no complaints were heard of its being too broad. It is only the shoulders and hips that really require a soft mattress if the head is pillowed too; as for the rest of one's body it doesn't matter at all. When travelling under hot sun, I place this bed behind me, with one end on deck, and the middle of it is tied round my breast, so as to bring the upper end just under the long back-lap of my sun-helmet, which is of pith and felt combined, a head-dress lately introduced by Tress, and entirely successful, for I wore it during about seven months, and neither rain, nor sun, nor duckings in salt waves, ever altered its lightness or good shape. The bed thus becomes an excellent protector against sunstroke, and it was especially useful when my course was north, and my back was thus turned to the sun. Often I went ashore with the bed still dangling from my waist behind, while wondering natives gazed at the "Glaour" with his air-bag tail. The bed was useful too when I sat upon wet sand, or grass, or gravel, and it was always a good life-buoy in case of an upset.

Feeling "never less alone than when alone," is it, Mr. John Macgregor asks, "maudlin" that he cannot help personifying a boat like this, the companion of so many happy hours, the sole sharer of great joys and anxious times? "Are we sure that there is no feeling in the heart of oak, no sentiment under bent birch ribs?" The mere "landsman" may think so. Our author, who it seems by virtue of his many days and hours afloat has dubbed himself a "sailor," knows her better. "Like all her sex, she had her temper, and always had her own way." Hany, the faithful interpreter, always called her "the young lady." The rough Arab porters feared, if they failed to love, her. They saw her do impossible things. We hear of her "listening in her oleander bed" to the chant of boatmen floating over the Sea of Gennesareth. No wonder she was "entitled to her Sabbath rest." The only question in her captain's mind was whether "it was not right to let the boat rest all their Sunday as it did during all mine." Puzzled sheiks and half-frightened Arabs flocked to see the wonderful "Frangi" and his marvellous "shaktoor." Over the Lebanon, through snow and mud, the *Rob Roy* was skilfully borne in a native cart or on the back of a mule or sure-stepping horse, to search for the sources of the Abana and Pharpar, the course of which famed streams has been set down in the resulting chart with an accuracy never before attainable. A sketch of the rocky gorge of the Abana illustrates well the boldness and magnificence of the scenery, as well as the perils of the canoeist in shooting its headlong waters. The dirt and squalor of Damascus disenchanted the traveller of the charm thrown by nature over this most heavenly of earthly scenes. At Ateiba, on a mouth of the Abana, the "Howaja" kept Christmas Day on orthodox English fare under his tents, and indulged in some wild "thoughts" which are obviously meant to have a withering effect upon philosophers of the modern school who are bent on "carrying our pedigree back with honest pride to the ancestral oyster in a metamorphic rock." A *détour* was made from the main stream to the giant town of Brak (cistern), one of the marvellous cities of Bashan, where everything, to the doors and shutters, is made of stone. Ritter puts these strange structures down to the time of Ham. Mr. John Macgregor is able to tell us more about their antiquity, and that on what he is doubtless right to consider the surest authority—namely, their own. A Greek inscription, he tells us, on a wall of the courtyard of the inn where he put up, is "dated five centuries before Christ." It is tantalizing not to get the exact text of this extraordinary mixture of prophecy and chronology, to our view decidedly the most curious thing our author met with in all his travels.

At Ain Halil, the "high fountain" near the little village of Hasbeya, the delighted traveller stood at the infant source of Jordan, first recognised as such by Fürer von Hämendorf A.D. 1566, next by Seetzen, afterwards by Van der Velde, Burkhardt, and Buckingham. Our author's sketch map gives a clear and doubtless most accurate idea of the spot watched over by the snowy peak of Hermon, where wells up from the sand and gravel the first undoubted subterranean source of the sacred river, here called the Hasbany. Here the *Rob Roy* "gladly rushed into the waters," to wend her way, broken only by many a hair-breadth escape and lively episode, to where the stream dies away in the deepest depression upon the face of the earth. Large portions of the Jordan were in all probability never seen by human eye till the windings and recesses of the stream were threaded by the novel little craft. At Tell el Kady, probably the ancient Dan (the "Judge"), is what has been commonly reputed the earliest source of Jordan before the discovery of the Hasbeya springs. Following the Hasbany to its junction with the Banias, our traveller came upon huge blocks and groups of stone in circles and squares, scattered over nearly a mile, which he agrees with De Saulcy in putting down as the site of the ancient Hazor. Hence he made a *détour* of much interest to the village of Banias, once the town of Cesarea Philippi, where rises the other main tributary of the Jordan. Down the winding Banias the *Rob Roy*, by a kind of rapid waltzing movement, deftly made her way, pursued by yelling and excited Arabs. After a long chase the canoe was fairly captured by the mob of swimmers, and borne in triumph up the bank, her captain keeping his seat inside and "patting the wet shaven pate" of his more threatening black captor by way of keeping terms of peace. A napoleon cleverly slipped into the hands of the sheikh had a still more magical effect in establishing a friendly footing, followed up by an ingenious stratagem in making the simple fellow eat salt with the stranger. The pistol, which for a moment had seemed half likely to be called into requisition, was left to rest idly under the canoe's fore apron, and with salaams of friendship all round the *Rob Roy* and her crew paddled off once more rejoicing. Several times in their progress it came to a race between the paddle and the strong arms of the native swimmers, nerved by hopes of plunder or possibly by wild curiosity, most often by the invariable "backsheish." Herds of wild buffaloes looked more formidable than they proved. More hurtful than the might of behemoth were the sharp leeches of Jordan, which fastened on the traveller's bare legs as he jumped overboard to clear the *Rob Roy* from the maze of bushes. Before reaching Hoolah Lake, "the waters of Merom," a labyrinth of papyrus had to be pierced with no little thought and skill. Through this tall, dense mass of jungle, which floated and rustled on the water, the most extensive papyrus field in the world, it was with quick-beating heart and earnest paddle-strokes that the author made his way into what proved to be the true mouth of the Jordan, finding the lake by measured strokes to be 6,000 yards in its full length. Singling out a high peak, he had at one view the Jordan leaving Hoolah Lake and rushing into the Lake of Tiberias, a fall of the "Descender" of no less than 700 feet within ten miles, without any abrupt cascade or fall. Some interesting figures are put together at the end of this chapter for comparison with other noted streams in point of speed, descent, and volume. In its whole course of 120 miles the Jordan, from the Hasbeya source 1,700 feet above the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea 1,300 below it, falls 3,000 feet, or 25 feet per mile of its total channel. The Dee, about equal in volume, descends 16.5 feet, the Thames no more than a foot and a half per mile, the mighty Amazon only a fifth of an inch. Abana and Pharpar average about 5 feet. Once afloat on "deep Galilee," otherwise known as Chinnereth, Gennesareth, and Tiberias, as well as Tarichia (from Tarichea or Kerak) according to Pliny, weeks were spent in exploring all round the lake, sounding its depths, verifying the charts and calling up its hallowed associations. Great pains have been taken by the writer to verify and realize the narrative of the Gospels. It was disappointing to find nothing at all answering to the "steep place" where the swine might be supposed to have run down. At Tell Hoom have been unearthed the splendid sculptured stones which have been taken to have formed the synagogue of Capernaum. Clear indications of a stone pier were visible near this, as again at Bethsaida, partly under the clear water.

We have quite a dissertation, "from a seaman's point of view," upon the ships of ancient and modern times, with a list of travellers' statements as to the state of the navy of this sea from Pococke (A.D. 1738) downwards. Little change is to be traced between the earliest of floating structures and the most ship-shape of recent craft, "carvel built" and daubed with plenty of bitumen. Mr. Macgregor is able to assure us that this was the exact way in which Noah's ark was built—"of interwoven trees, cased thus with bitumen within and without"—with his main reason for thinking so. "A most serviceable plan this is when mere flotation is the purpose, without the strain from masts or engines or heavy seas, and when the vessel is to be grounded only once after being launched by the rising of the water round it." It will be refreshing to many to find in these sceptical days an assurance of such simple and unquestioning belief. *O sancta simplicitas* will, we fear, on the other hand, be the exclamation of many more. But the "Howaja" has, he himself tells us, a short and easy way of disposing of the most abstruse and difficult things, and making all mysteries clear to the meanest capacity. In his open-air moonlight sermon on

Christmas Eve, after a brief epitome of his journey, he "just turned to the journey of life and the home for us pilgrims," and wound up with "a condensed history of the world from the creation—the law—the prophets, and the Saviour—the apostles, the martyrs, and ourselves." Probably not one of these favoured Arabs, he is proud to think, "had ever heard so much truth before, or will ever hear it again." How much of the force of this encyclopedic homily was lost through each sentence being interpreted by Hany, we are afraid to calculate. Why the preacher should have been reduced to this loss of effect we are puzzled to explain, when we find him on a former occasion, which forms the subject of the most effective of his coloured illustrations, keeping alive a party of fifty Arabs with a long story of his own "about steamboats, which I had told to another Arab tribe twenty years before at the Dead Sea." At critical moments we see him exposed to no little risk through his slender command of the vernacular tongue. By what peculiar psychological law is it that his stock of Arabic words comes and goes in this remarkable manner? He can certainly wax fluent and forcible enough when denouncing in his own tongue, in true Exeter Hall style, though totally uncalled upon by the subject in hand, the errors and impostures of Popery, with which he foreshadows shortly a "hard fight—physical fight." So much of sound and fury, it might be thought, can scarcely be needed to expose the weakness of the poor "old bachelor abroad," to the worst of whose detestable enormities we may hope to have arrived at length by this terrible anticlimax.

The announcement by Mr. John Macgregor, in a letter to the *Times* last spring, of his meeting a live crocodile in the river Kishon, caused a degree of excitement altogether in excess of its significance as a fact in natural history. It seems to have been the popular idea that it was only on the Nile, of all the rivers of the Mediterranean, that crocodiles were found. We can hardly expect modern travellers and readers of the *Times* to be well up in the earlier geographers, or even the ordinary classical writers on natural themes. Even from Germany, we observe with more surprise, letters flocked in upon our author testifying to the novelty of the discovery. Yet even a slight acquaintance with well-known writers on the topography of Syria and the Levant would have prepared the traveller for traces of a creature once said to have abounded in the district between Carmel and Cæsarea. The crocodile is mentioned by Jacobus de Vitriaco as swarming in the Zerka in the time of the Crusades. Adrichomius, quoting from Breidenbach, speaks of a multitude of crocodiles in the marsh to the east of the city of Cæsarea. Both Strabo and Pliny mention a river, and apparently a city too, near Carmel, named from the crocodiles which abounded there, as they likewise did in the Darat, in Mauritania, and in the fountain Azaritia in Bithynia. Pococke is probably wrong in identifying this crocodile river with the Zerka. It was far more likely the Kishon, running parallel with Carmel, though Reland thinks he has found it in a separate stream which he calls the Schichor Libnath, a name also applied to the Nile. We scarcely need Pococke's surmise that the Egyptians brought their native gods hither, in order to account for the ugly creatures finding a home in either river. Crocodiles have long been known on the Zerka, and the bones of one lately killed there are now, Mr. Macgregor tells us, in England. Rumours of a vague kind reached him at Jerusalem of crocodiles being seen in the Jordan, but the most searching inquiry, backed by the most careful survey of the river banks in all directions, failed to confirm the story. If we are right in identifying the "timsah" with the Leviathan of Job, Isaiah, and the Psalms, we may be sure that the monster was far wider and better known than he could possibly have been had his sole habitat been the distant waters of the Nile. This episode on the Kishon comes in, however, with a lively effect towards the end of the *Rob Roy's* adventures, and a good deal of pains has been taken by the author to put together the more recent notices of writers on the subject. Altogether, despite much in the tone and spirit of the book which we dislike, Mr. Macgregor voyages and writes in such earnest that he carries us along with him from first to last, almost in envy at the self-satisfaction of mind which can set him at so easy a height above all the world besides, as well as at the healthy physique which makes life a pure pleasure to the owner under whatever circumstances. Such is the variety of tastes that the very twang of exclusiveness, prejudice, and pharisaism which most offends us may form to readers of a different class the special charm of the book. To such we can promise that the perusal of it will bring from first to last uninterrupted and keen delight.

FLAMANK'S MIND AND MANNER.*

CHILDREN have an instinctive aversion for instruction administered in the form of dialogue. This aversion is not unshared by their elders. The attempt to impart additional interest to the subject-matter of a book by the introduction of *dramatis personæ* is generally felt to be a hoax, and almost invariably proves itself a failure. Though we have heard of Indian experts who are successful in flying a dozen or more kites at a time, daily experience shows us that it is not every man who can even command two. The strings become entangled, they cross, they cut each other, or, whilst one which has absorbed the atten-

tion mounts high in the air, its companion is caught in a neighbouring tree, or sinks weakly fluttering to the ground. Some persons, however, will boldly start two whom we see at a glance to be incapable of flying one. It is in this class that the author of *Mind and Manner* must be placed. We cannot tax him with the fault of making his *dramatis personæ* so entertaining that we skip the essays to read their conversation, nor can we blame him with having made the essays so brilliant and attractive that we dwell upon them to the prejudice of the dialogue. It can, in fact, hardly be said that either ever reaches the level of dull mediocrity, but then they compensate for this by being now and then charmingly ridiculous.

The preface introduces us to the company of authors to whose united exertions the volume is supposed to be due. One of the party, Mr. Saville, proposes that their dissertations shall embrace a series of topics relating to man and that which belongs to him—his faculties, dispositions, and habits, what he has been, is, and may be. A suitably dignified locale is provided for the treatment of these ambitious themes by the introduction of Dr. Crawford, who invites them to read in the library of Tenbury Hall, as possessor of which he is elevated to the post of President of the Association. One of the party—we presume Dr. Boyle, because we further on encounter his wife—pleads the admission of the ladies of the respective households; and the fourth member—for there are but four—the Rev. Frank Langley, produces "a few young gentlemen who read with me." But of the ladies and the young gentlemen we never hear again; we are told, indeed, that their occasional coughs and smiles will not be reported; we suppose, therefore, that with the modesty becoming in the one instance to age, in the other to sex, they confined themselves to such inarticulate expressions of opinion, and stood in the same relation to the active performers which supers hold on the stage to the heroes of the piece, or the penman's flourish to his signature. As for the essayists themselves, they are hardly more distinct; what Dr. Boyle says one night, Dr. Crawford repeats the next; and it would be impossible for the minutest observer to detect any difference between the style of Mr. Saville's remarks and that of the Rev. Frank Langley's. We are hardly inclined to suppose that the vigour of our author's personality was such that it proved too much for his creations; but nevertheless the President and members of the Association are four Mr. Flamanks. Night after night Mr. Flamank sits in the chair; night after night one of the Mr. Flamanks reads his essay, while the other three listen in obsequious silence, or agree with him at the end with a wonderful unanimity of opinion which shows that the house is not divided against itself. The point which they have most at heart is the repudiation of the possibility of any connexion by descent between "our species" and the "baboon." The Mr. Flamank who is called Dr. Crawford sets the ball rolling by declaring that he is not inclined to run himself down to a low point of degradation for his original, and the other members of the family keep it going by means of similar assertions till they reach the last page. One says that the most barbarous tribes would laugh at the possibility of such an "original." Another disposes of the matter by stating that if you admitted the development of man out of a monad, or nothing, which is the same thing, then you must grant that the mental powers were developed from a contracted instinct, which would be equivalent to saying that a gnat could become an archangel, and to say that would be irreverent. Besides, adds another, it would have been just as much trouble to create a monad, or a protoplasm, as to create a perfect being endowed with complete faculties; and as we know that man was originally intended for a distinguished position in this world, and to occupy a still higher in the next, it is quite unreasonable to suppose that he was insulted by being introduced here under a degraded form, or that there ever was a time when he was perfectly mute, or at any rate was only capable of uttering a scream or a grunt. Then, lest there should be any flaw in his argument through the possibility of some sceptical person arriving who might question the future high destinies of man, the speaker tells us that he concludes the soul to be immortal because *he knows* it is the will of the Supreme Being that it should be so. Is it possible that it has never occurred to Mr. Flamank that, even supposing it to be safe to indulge a preference for assertion rather than investigation, this line of argument is at least open to the danger of retaliation? If there are any persons bold enough to assert that *they know* that what Mr. Flamank calls "man's original" was "a protoplasmic something or nothing," it will cost them little to reply that they consider him guilty of the height of irreverence in saying that *he knows* man was created perfect. In short, the "You say it was, I say it wasn't" style of answer is the only appropriate one to such a work as this.

Wherever the author is not flagrantly ridiculous, he is mildly absurd. The most simple truisms are presented to us as matter for grave discussion, and formal dissent or approval. Thus we learn from Dr. Boyle that all pains are equally annoying, if of the same degree; that though diseases of course differ, some being more severe than others, yet what is ordinarily less painful may, in an extreme case, be worse than a moderate condition of the more painful. To this Dr. Crawford adds, that he quite agrees with the last speaker that pain is only painful as it affects us, and that those who feel it can best tell whence it arises. Then he introduces the proverb of "none but the wearer can tell where the shoe pinches," and proceeds with solemn and empty clumsiness to develop and illustrate it for a couple of pages. Then the Rev. Frank tells us that one cause of the afflictions of life is, as we know by expe-

* *Mind and Manner, or Diversities of Life*. By James Flamank. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

rience, the wickedness of human beings, and he agrees with Dr. Boyle that this cannot be charged to the Almighty. Whereupon Mr. Saville observes that a diversity of condition among human beings is agreeable to Divine Providence, but hope is a balm which soothes the miseries of human existence. To this Dr. Crawford adds the piquant remark that it is probably a mistake to say human beings exist more in the future than the present, for our feelings are derived from our senses and exist now. But Mr. Langley rejoins, with a metaphysical acuteness which must have puzzled his lady auditors, and inspired respect for their tutor amongst the young gentlemen, that there is another question which naturally arises—whether the mind be more engaged with the future or the past? But he evades dealing with it, and contents himself with saying that the past is fact, the future speculation; the first engages the attention of practical men, the latter of visionaries. By visionaries, he tells us, he means fortune-tellers, astrologers, weather and other prophets. The present he leaves out of the question, and to an impartial observer it seems rather unfair to stigmatize visionaries as silly persons, after having gravely informed us in a previous page that he knows, from his own experience, that mental imagery may exist which was never derived by the medium of the senses from without; that pictures may be brought before the mind to which nothing in the external world corresponds, and that this is the case not only as regards arrangement, but as regards the objects themselves. After this he informs us that the intellectual faculties are surprising in their nature and mysterious in their working, that the human mind is involved in mystery, and, he adds with remarkable candour, has been by some encircled with absurdity. This assertion, unlike most of those which he makes, he has been at the pains of proving.

One of the most curious features of this curious book is the fact that, without looking at the heading of a page, it is impossible to tell what is the subject of the essay or discourse which you may be reading. Indeed, if the titles of the essays were shifted all round we do not suppose that any one, with the exception perhaps of the author, would be at all the wiser, for they are certainly no indication of the contents. Under the heading "Sense and Insensibility," when we are expecting a physiological investigation of their phenomena, we find ourselves landed in prescriptions for obtaining a good night's rest, and stories of young ladies who sew very neatly with their toes, and young gentlemen who employ theirs to wield the brush and mahl-stick. Then, under "Language," instead of any contributions to our philological stores we find Dr. Crawford furiously attacking the imaginary person who is represented as holding the dangerous heresy that "man needed a simian predecessor." Great stress must be laid on the "need," as, this removed, all Dr. Crawford's blows would be so much waste. Whether man had or had not, is not debated; all that is at issue is whether he needed an ancestral ape or no. Having successfully disposed of this "necessity," Dr. Crawford turns, still under the head of "Language," upon another imaginary opponent, who, according to Mr. Flamank, has traced the origin of faith to correspond with his other adversary's theory of the origin of man. This gentleman has been guilty of declaring (again it must be remembered that we simply quote our author's words) that the worship of false gods was necessary to lead to the apprehension of the true. That the Supreme Being introduced a certain system—the worship, for instance, of sun, moon, and stars; then the adoration of fictitious gods; then of animals, plants, and graven images as representatives of feigned divinities. That, in short, the God of truth would not manifest himself except by false indications. That the human race was taught by the Supreme Power to practise cruel, absurd, and repulsive rites by way of training for a pure and exalted worship. That mankind were put on a wrong path as the direct road to a right one. We humbly confess that we have not had the luck, or shall we say the ill-luck, of the author of *Mind and Manner*; that we have never been so fortunate, or shall we say so unfortunate, as to encounter either in life or in books the extraordinary and, as Mr. Flamank justly calls him, unreasonable man who holds these extraordinary and unreasonable opinions. He must, we are inclined to think, be first cousin to another acquaintance of our author's, who, he tells us, holds the soul to be a compound of nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, with a little sulphur and phosphorus—the last contributing to the poetic genius, and the sulphur causing the temper of hot partisans in religion and politics. Let us, Dr. Crawford remarks, leave this theory to any who have a taste for it, and let us commend to the same kind care the companion theories we have just dismissed.

The choicest gems of expression are scattered in these pages with no sparing hand, and rival in brilliancy and importance the scientific acquirements and the treasures of thought which are stored in this remarkable volume. Some of these, which the writer calls "apothegms," might be deemed worthy of that great apostle of inflated prosaism, Mr. Martin Tupper. And lest we should be thought to err by instituting a too favourable comparison between great things and small, here are a few "apothegms" taken at random from *Mind and Manner*. We think that an impartial examiner will pronounce them equal to anything that has proceeded from the pen of the immortal Martin himself. For instance, we learn from Dr. Boyle that "the tippler overdraws his account at the Bank of Happiness." Then the Rev. Frank defines "a spark" as "an insignificant gem set in a magnificent casket," and adds "a finical male is extremely unmanly," that "some things when used are very good, when abused very bad."

Censure, we are told in "Lights and Shadows" (essay No. 12 in the collection), like soap, is dirty in itself, and indeed makes a thing fouler than before, but it has frequently a purifying tendency. Elsewhere we learn that marriage is a union effected—first, by the silken cords of love; secondly, by legal ties; and that it is not uninteresting to examine the "two ligaments;" whilst in another place we are told that the pleasing custom of kissing has attained in England an important conventional status, so that without especial license, or as preliminary to a "special license,"

It is much amiss a miss to kiss.

Mr. Flamank's wit, however, is not always so patent. It is perhaps rather humiliating, but we are forced to acknowledge that we read the following sentence several times without obtaining the remotest conception of its meaning. "Doubtless marriage has much to do with human statistics—with the peopling of the earth—notwithstanding the theories in repute among the rising generation." Shame at conscious ignorance overpowered us as many bewildering conjectures arose concerning the nature of these unknown and "doubtless" important theories as to the increase of population. It was with no small relief, no small amusement, and we may add no little indignation, that we found Mr. Flamank explaining himself on the opposite page by the remark, "Whatever theories exist among juveniles as to a vegetable origin, we may, until better informed, conclude that the increase of mankind is dependent on the union of the sexes in holy matrimony." This may be wit—we may suppose Mr. Flamank intends it as such—but it appears to us simply folly; a style of humour about as undesirable as any that could have been selected with which to enliven the pages of a book which leads us in its preface to expect nothing but the gravest investigation and discussion of certain definite problems in relation to man, his capabilities, and destiny. But it may perhaps be imagined that these are isolated instances, that these phrases are an unfair sample of the general dialogue. This is not the case; there are whole pages of conversation carried on in the following style:—

"Mr. Saville," observed Dr. Boyle, "has said something about weighing evidence. What a delicate process! How light and airy! I am tempted to ask what kind of beam is used, and what sort of scales?"

"The beam? Really, on sudden thought, I can scarcely tell what the beam is," replied Mr. Saville, "unless it be the mind; the scales must be I suppose language; and that which is put into them, reason or argument."

"You may as well," said Dr. Boyle laughing, "go on with the description. What is the process?"

But as our readers do not probably share Dr. Boyle's desire, we will spare them the "process," which is developed at some length, and in the same style as the foregoing remarks.

One proposition made by Mr. Flamank must not be passed over in silence. It is that Shakespeare, like an old building, has been gradually decaying, and, like an old building, requires to be repaired in order to make him available for practical purposes. In other words, he must be translated into modern phraseology, and this operation Mr. Flamank purposes to extend to all other authors who have now become what he calls "antiquated"; the costume of the nineteenth century must be substituted for dresses which have become unfashionable in the present day. We quote this because, taken in connexion with popular delusions on the subject of language, it has an importance which it could not otherwise acquire. Even to the mass of men who hold that the history of the past is valuable to the present, it scarcely ever seems to occur that language is an invaluable agent towards the right understanding of that history, and that, without study of the dead tongue, study of the dead time receives an imperfect answer. For the few who hold even the heretical theory that it may be useful chiefly as a mental gymnastic, there are hundreds of what are called educated men who loudly assert that it is of no use whatever. It is to this large public that a proposal such as this made by Mr. Flamank addresses itself. One cannot be too early in entering a protest against so dangerous an idea, which is likely too not to go unsupported. If we cannot redeem the present, let us at least do all we can towards saving the future.

On one point we are glad to have been reassured. Dr. Crawford tells us that virtue is not incompatible with physical defects. Let us hope, for Mr. Flamank's sake, that mental power is not a test of moral excellence.

LIFE OF JOHN GIBSON.*

THIS little biography is mainly due to two friends of the sculptor, Mrs. Henry Sandbach and Mr. Robert Hay, who at different times induced Gibson to narrate the simple facts of his life, and to give his opinions on matters connected with the art which he pursued with rare simplicity and devotion. They wrote down what they heard, either directly at his dictation, or methodizing, as they went on, the lively discursiveness of the artist; and the fragments have been skillfully woven into a whole by Lady Eastlake. The result is so satisfactory that we cannot help regretting how much we have lost by the want of similarly faithful and painstaking chroniclers for many other men whose lives, not happening to lead them in the direction either of striking events or of letter-writing, have been lost to the world at large. Gibson's story is about as uneventful as any story of a life can be. He seems to have had no brilliancy either as a writer or as a talker; he devoted himself to his art, and to that only, and the art itself, as he pursued it, lay in regions altogether alien from general in-

* *Life of John Gibson, R.A., Sculptor.* Edited by Lady Eastlake. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

terest. Yet so powerful is the attraction exercised on the mind by the authentic picture of the life of any human creature, that this simple story has a charm which the most stirring of novels can never reach—the irresistible charm of reality. Within the limits prescribed by the facts of Gibson's career and character the biography before us could hardly have been improved; it enables those who never knew the artist to feel as if they had known him; and this result, easy as it may seem when expressed in plain words, is, to our thinking, the most important aim which any biographer can set before him. We have become familiar with another mind; we have made a new friend; we have added to our experience of our fellow-creatures. And great as are the attractions of nature, whether looked at through the eyes of poetry or of science, by the laws of humanity they can never penetrate us with the force exerted by those interests which belong to man. What our ancestors did, what certain Greeks and Romans did—let the Lord Mayor say what he will—cannot help impressing us far more deeply and far more fruitfully than the very finest demonstrations of scientific law or the most brilliant display of natural forces. From boyhood to old age we are under the same spell; and even the trivial deeds or sayings of our fellow-creatures have a value for us which neither plant nor star, neither steam nor electricity, can rival. The science of biography gives itself no airs; no societies exist to flatter and encourage it; no national honours, no titles, no public grants, reward its professors. But it triumphs over its sister sciences, great and glorious though they are, by its unassisted and inherent force; by its speaking directly to the heart. It is the voice of man to man, and its message has hence a validity beyond any other message which nature can send us—a fact of which it is not Lord Mayors alone who require to be respectfully reminded.

But we have wandered away from the simple story before us. It may be summed up in a few lines. John Gibson was born near Conway, in 1790, the son of a market-gardener, who, with his wife, appears to have trained him early in those ways of truth and simplicity from which he never deviated. When he was about ten years old the family removed to Liverpool, where the boy's turn for art first distinctly showed itself. Too poor to purchase prints, he would study them through the shop windows, learn a figure by heart, and on his return home try to reproduce it with his pencil. One might perhaps find a kind of anticipation of Gibson's whole career in these youthful efforts; the careful and delicate study of form which always marked him, together with the pursuit of subjects, not in nature or in his own imagination, but as seen through the spectacles of books or of museums. His first impulse, we may also note, seems to have led him towards painting as his profession; but being unable to pay the fees required for instruction, he was bound to a firm of cabinet-makers, and then to a wood-carver. Whilst in his employ Gibson became acquainted with a Prussian ornamental figure-modeller, and these circumstances appear to have determined his bias to sculpture. Wood-cutting now became "disgusting"; and after a time he had managed to change into a stone-carving establishment, where he became "truly happy, modelling, drawing, and executing works in marble."

These words are nearly sufficient to describe the whole of the long remainder of Gibson's life. He never fell in love; he had no resource in books; no pleasure in sports or society; no interest in politics or science; no eagerness to travel, or to collect, or to make money. To live in Rome, which to his curiously simple mind seemed the only place where sculpture could be successfully practised; to see a few friends and relations, and to spend year after year in "modelling, drawing, and executing works in marble"—these things made him "truly happy," till, famous and respected, he passed quietly away in January 1866, and lies in the English cemetery beneath the Pyramid of Cestius. That little field of death contains two or three names which stand far higher than Gibson's in the regions of art. Keats and Shelley before thirty had placed themselves in that circle of the "greater gods" to which seventy years of labour were insufficient to raise their less-gifted countryman. That vision of the ancient Olympus, "the power of the gods, and their serene dwelling-place," for which he longed so fervently, had been vouchsafed to the poets with a fullness forbidden to the sculptor. Yet neither in simple-minded devotion to his art, nor in a lofty and admirable indifference to the trivial aims of life and the mean ways of lower men, nor in the love and respect of friends, did Gibson fall below his great contemporaries.

The events of such an artist's career are written in the names of his successive works, and for these, which would be uninteresting unless we could go into greater detail of description than our space admits of, we must refer the reader to Lady Eastlake's volume. He executed some busts and portrait-statues, and a few monuments; none, so far as known to us, of conspicuous merit. Here in fact the sculptor was working at a double disadvantage. The bent of his nature being towards ideal creation, he was without facility in seizing likeness—a want which his life-size figure of Sir Robert Peel in the Abbey exemplifies. And his devotion to ancient forms in art led him to an unreal treatment of modern dress, which he was unable either to modify or to dispense with successfully. His natural impulse led him to subjects founded more or less remotely on classical legends or antique works of art. Wholly deficient in scholarship, and apparently almost equally unversed in the criticism of ancient art which we owe to scholars, Gibson found, in the heterogeneous magazines of sculpture for which Rome is famous, subjects for his whole life. It is by this class of work that he is best known in England, where the

"Venus" and "Cupid" displayed in the Exhibition of 1862 attracted a degree of attention to which other elements beside their merits in art perhaps contributed. These figures in truth possessed much grace of the refined, if not of the powerful, order; they manifested great care and practice in modelling the human form. And if the law to an artist be, as we hear it sometimes laid down, simply to please himself, or to please a select circle of the initiated, Gibson certainly may be said to have accomplished his aspiration. Art, in our eyes, has a much larger, we should say a much higher, function; and we must regret that Gibson's powers, his fine feeling, his command of form, his admirable industry and devotion, were consecrated to a narrower aim. Yet his works owed their success to the genuine qualities of art which they possessed; and in this respect they formed a grateful contrast to the vulgar applause won by the popular things of the day—the effeminate ornamentalism of the present Roman school, the imitative crudities of Signor Monti's "Reading Girl," or the cheap sentimentalism of Mr. Storey's "Cleopatra."

Beside the story of Gibson's own career, several interesting collateral topics are treated in this volume. Those readers who remember any of the singularly graceful groups modelled by Mr. Richard Wyatt will find an interesting notice of him by Gibson, whose child-like admiration for his contemporaries in art forms one of the most pleasing features in his character. He was far indeed from that mean jealousy of successful rivals which was an equally decided note in the disposition of Thorvaldsen, and which forms the blameworthy extreme (in Aristotle's phraseology) of that innocent vanity about one's own work from which, by what appears almost a law of nature, so few artists are free. There is also a bright and picturesque narrative of the Roman revolution of 1847-8. Rome, in the mind of our sculptor, seems to have existed solely for three great purposes—for its galleries, its studios, and its models. It is from this point of view that Gibson regarded the Italian question; and it was certainly brought home to him in good earnest by a French grenade which with national liveliness entered his studio unannounced, and had nearly made sad work with a figure of Her Most Gracious Majesty. We must, however, add that Gibson's gallantry was hardly equal to the occasion. He had fairly turned his back on the city before the French operations began, and the task of rescuing the statue in question devolved upon Mr. Wyatt, who narrowly escaped with his life from the barbarian emissary of religion and order.

The book contains several interesting papers by Gibson referring to his own art. These are of course coloured by the peculiar views with which he himself regarded it, the main principle being an implicit adherence to ancient Greece, shown not so much by intelligent observance of the laws which governed Greek sculpture as by a strenuous attempt to reproduce it. It is hardly needful to spend words in demonstrating the narrowness of this principle, as it is little likely to commend itself to any one. Let us, in justice to Gibson, quote a few remarks made in regard to a common English practice in dealing with sculpture. Severe as his criticism is, we can hardly regard it as undeserved:—

Speaking from an experience of forty years' study and practice at Rome, I have come to the conviction that one great evil as regards the art in England arises from the class of committees to which the decision in such matters is submitted. These committees are composed of miscellaneous individuals, united only in their common qualification of having no knowledge or connexion with the art beyond that which most educated individuals possess. In the course of my life, however, I have never known any one who has not been professionally engaged in the study of art capable of judging of grandeur of style, of composition, of harmony of lines, and of the intricacies of drapery. Yet the judges appointed to decide upon the models submitted for the Wellington monument had, on that important occasion, not a single sculptor among them.

ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.*

THIS is a very strange book, and its strangeness is of a kind that deserves attention. It bears the outward semblance of a novel, but it has very little in common with the usual run of anonymous romances. How depressing they usually are, what an utter dearth of anything like originality generally characterizes them, most readers know well, but none so well as those whose lot it is to review them. It is, then, no slight relief when such a book as the present is accidentally lighted upon in the midst of a heap of hopeless rubbish. After listening to the vain repetitions and the insufferable twaddle of a herd of idle babblers, it is a pleasure to hear the voice of a man who possesses a fund of original ideas, and expresses them felicitously, and often humorously, in singularly good English. It is true that his story is by no means exempt from faults. Its commencement is somewhat tedious, its end is inartistically abrupt, its conversations sometimes grow wearisome, its scenery now and then seems to obtrude itself gratuitously. But, on the other hand, its narrator is evidently a scholar, and one who has wandered a good deal off the beaten tracks. He speaks with authority on several recondite subjects, without showing any signs of having "crammed" for the task, or manifesting the throes which in some literary Jupiters invariably precede the liberation of a thought from the brain. Both by his learning and his humour he sometimes reminds us of the author of *Headlong Hall* and *Gryll Grange*; and that is no slight praise, though we are afraid that Mr. Peacock's books are by no means as well known to the present generation of novel-readers as they ought to be.

* *Annals of an Eventful Life.* 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870.

The first part of the story seems to have been written mainly in order to give the author an opportunity of publishing his recollections of his childhood, and especially those of the days he passed during that part of his life in the West Indies. The narrative decidedly drags as it winds about among the details of the shark-catching and pig-sticking and other delights which accompanied his voyage out to St. Saccharissa. But this trip to the tropics can scarcely be complained of, for it forms an excuse for the introduction of one or two admirable pictures of West Indian scenery, and several excellent sketches of the life led by the slaves in the days which preceded Emancipation. The latter would be out of place in an ordinary novel, but these "Annals" belong to an exceptional species of romance, and must not be judged by the rules which are generally applied to fiction. It is possible that some of the conclusions at which their author arrives may give offence to many readers, as, for instance, his opinion that the way in which slavery was done away with in the West Indies "was the first step to that great march of sentimental humbug which has been going on in England ever since"; but no one can fail to admire such sketches of negro life as that in which we are favoured with the portrait of the Mercury, "a perfect model in ebony," who confessed to a partiality for a limited amount of stealing, but indignantly refused to lend a hand towards hanging even a white man.

The life led at his various schools by Edward Halfacre, the hero of the story, is described with a minuteness which savours more of affection than of art, and there is not much that is worthy of mention in the life he leads at college until the period of his "Greats" arrives. In the interval he has fallen desperately in love with a young lady who rejoices in the name of Arethusa, and naturally enough he has read up every notice of her namesake which he could find in the pages of Lempriere. This learning stands him in good stead at his examination, when a question is put to him about the fountain of Arethusa. The flood of erudition which he instantly pours out in reply perfectly astonishes his examiners. As he justly observes, the chances were that they "had never examined a man in love before, who had happened on the examination to be able to bring in the object of his affections"; so they passed him in triumph, naturally considering that "a man who had shown such an acquaintance with the history and adventures of a rather obscure nymph must have great knowledge of the classics as a whole." While we are speaking of our author's description of college life, we may as well observe that it contains a number of really humorous passages and one most singular instance of grotesque juxtaposition—the recommendation on the same page of Paul de Kock's novels and of the Bible. The story which introduces it may serve as a specimen of our annalist's anecdotes of Oxford life. He had begun a theme one day, he tells us, with the words "*Quis non negaverit*":—

"*Quis non negaverit*, Mr. Halfacre," chirped out the Canon, "what does this mean?" When I explained, he said, "Oh! I see, but it would be far easier to say, *Quis non dicit*. *Dicit*, Mr. Halfacre, an honest straightforward indicative, none of your subjunctives." I thought of reminding him of one of Paul de Kock's novels where a lover is detected in disguise by saying, "*Eh bien! que voulez-vous que j'en fasse*." "*Voilà du subjunctif*," said his mistress, and turned him out of doors neck and crop.

The Arethusa who stood the hero of the story in such good stead at his examination is a very charming nymph, and her sharp wits and her fickle, jealous disposition are very skillfully described. One of the many points in which this unconventional chronicle sets the ordinary laws of romance at defiance is that the hero is not allowed to render any great service to the heroine beyond picking her up when she is upset by a heavy lurch on board ship; but he is compelled to save the life of another young lady whose gratitude becomes very embarrassing to him. Mary Harbury's placid stolidity enables her to form a convenient foil to the brilliant and impressionable Arethusa, and although she is thoroughly commonplace, she gives rise to the most stirring of the events which these Annals describe. On one occasion she must needs try to jump across a deep and rapid stream, but succeeds only in tumbling into it, to be pulled out by the irritated hero, who curses his fate that it is not Arethusa whom he is called upon to save. On another she is induced to personate the family ghost, a certain White Lady who haunts the house belonging to old Mrs. Mandeville, the hero's aunt. A Prussian officer, Count Manteuffel by name, a designer of the deepest dye and of the most extreme improbability, is lodged in the chamber principally affected by the ghostly enemy of the Mandevilles, whose apparition has already frightened a tallow merchant of great wealth into the hue of his own speciality. Edward Halfacre and his capricious Arethusa dress up the plastic Mary Harbury as the ghost, and she is on the point of entering the count's bedroom when that distinguished foreigner rushes out upon her in great fear and little clothing, chases her down the passage, and grasps her when caught with such a gripe that her arm next morning clearly shows the black impress of his fingers and thumb. It turns out that something like what occurred in the story of "The Bleeding Nun" has happened to him. While the fictitious ghost was on her way to him the real ghost paid him a visit, but the visitation does not reduce him to the unpleasant position occupied by the hero of Monk Lewis's cheerful little tale. Instead of carrying off the ghost when he means to secure the lady, the count lays hold of the lady when he is trying to catch the ghost. The idea is ingenious, but this spectral episode seems a little out of keeping with the rest of the story, the prevailing tone of which is not suggestive of any excessive tenacity of faith. But we cannot avoid being thankful to the White Lady for her intrusion, for it gives rise to a couple

of story-telling chapters which are so rich in eerie tales and specimens of fantastic folk-lore that they will enchant all who are connoisseurs in such matters. The stories of the old woman who attended the service of the dead, of the Irishman whose midden stood just above the Fairy King's dining-room, and of the blacksmith who married the pretty but cow-tailed young semi-troll whose tail dropped off when she married, are real gems in their way, perfect models of the story-teller's art. Were it only for the sake of making acquaintance with them, the Annals would be well worthy of being consulted. It is to be hoped, however, that the ghostly experiences which their readers may acquire will not have as singular an effect upon them as hers had upon the irreproachable Mary Harbury, who was so wrought upon by the recollection of her performance as a spectre, on the occasion of the Count being frightened quite out of bed and almost out of his wits, that she repeats it the next night in a state of somnambulism, and terribly embarrasses Edward Halfacre by sleep-walking into his room, and disturbing his reveries about Arethusa. What between the complications arising out of this visit, and those which spring from the loss of a copy of verses intended for Arethusa, which go astray and turn up under circumstances which make people suppose that they were meant for Mary Harbury's delectation, the hero of the Annals gets into such trouble that he determines to go away for three months to the Acroceraunian Mountains, and to console himself for his temporary absence from his Arethusa by finding out the exact locality of the fountain which in old days bore her name.

At this point the author drops the thread of his narrative and picks up in its place some old note-book or other record of the impressions of travel, with which he favours the reader for the space of half a volume—impressions which are good enough in themselves, but somewhat out of place at so critical a point in a love-story. But then, as we have already observed, this is not a book to be judged according to ordinary rules. As far as we can surmise, the author discovers towards the end of the third volume that he has kept his hero dawdling too long in foreign parts, for he hurries him home at a tremendous rate towards the climax of his misfortunes. At Corfu Arethusa's misguided lover has been indulging in a platonic affection for a beautiful Greek girl, who towards the end of his stay makes a dead set at him, and once, being at Athens, and finding herself conveniently alone with him behind the Pediment of the Parthenon, makes downright love to him. But he remembers Arethusa, and is proof against the lovely Sappho's attractions. After this it is evident that the best thing he can do is to return home, and this he does at such a pace that towards the end of the story his sentences are seldom above half a line long. But of course he arrives too late. His aunt is dead, and he mourns for her sincerely. Indeed his grief is as genuine as it is pathetically expressed; but it is difficult for an ordinary reader to enter into the feelings of a hero prostrated by the loss of an aunt. The agony caused by the rending of some relationships seems scarcely a good subject for an artist to choose. Many a man has doubtless been completely upset by the decease of his mother-in-law, but such a grief would be too sacred for the pages of a novel.

The penultimate chapter of the story is very dreary, for while poor Edward is staggering under the blow inflicted by his aunt, who has not only died but has also made her will in favour of the designing Count, he is completely knocked over by a letter of dismissal from his Arethusa. But in the ultimate chapter he recovers his health and his good spirits, and lives on happily enough, consoled by the thought that he has always been faithful and loyal to his love. So ends a story which can by no means be recommended as a model of novel-writing, for its structure is the very reverse of well-proportioned, and much of its workmanship will not stand the test of close examination. But it has merits which more than counterbalance its faults, and which make it worth any number of methodically-planned and carefully worked-out inanities. A few of the characters may seem tedious, but at all events several of them are right well worthy of being known; the stage is perhaps burdened with scenery, but that scenery is so good in itself that it is rather a source of strength than of weakness. As for the learning and the humour displayed throughout the story, they may somewhat impede its progress and distract the reader's attention from its details; but for that he will care little, so glad will he be to enjoy what their owner has set before him with so liberal a hand.

THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.*

THE schooner *Grafton*, with a crew of five men, was cast away on the Auckland Islands in the beginning of 1864, and their escape was effected after nineteen months' detention by crossing in a small boat the three hundred miles of stormy sea which separate the Auckland Islands from New Zealand. In 1866 there appeared an unpretending little book chiefly composed of the journal kept by Captain Musgrave. We have now a French narrative of the same adventure, which, very unlike its English predecessor, appears in all the splendour of type and engraving characteristic of the best Parisian publishers. The relation between the two books has been rather a puzzle to us; and though we have given to the comparison as much trouble as the question seemed to be worth, we do not feel confident that we have obtained a satisfactory explanation. We doubted for a time whether the *Naufragés*, as the

* *Les Naufragés, ou vingt mois sur un récif des Îles Auckland.* Par F. E. Raynal. Paris: Hachette & Co. 1870.

French book is called, was to be taken for an authentic account, or merely as a new imitation of *Robinson Crusoe*, to whose author Captain Musgrave would hold the same relation as Alexander Selkirk to Defoe. On the one hand, it is certain that M. Raynal is a real person, who acted an important part in the adventures of Captain Musgrave's crew. From a *pièce justificative* appended to this volume it seems that he presented to the public library at Melbourne the narrative published from Captain Musgrave's journals, and various articles made by him at the Auckland Islands. Moreover, he is described by Captain Musgrave in terms corresponding tolerably to those of the French account. These facts, however, are not quite sufficient to prove that M. Raynal actually wrote the book before us, or that, if he did write it, it deserves its descriptive title of a *récit authentique*. Now it strikes us as rather strange at first sight that the style of the narrative is very different from that which we should expect from an ordinary sailor, who had, moreover, as we learn from M. Raynal's own account, spent many previous years in the Australian diggings. Captain Musgrave wrote like a man unaccustomed to literary work, and his story was all the more touching from the obvious simplicity of the author. There was an air of reality about it like that which gives its charm to Defoe's great novel. M. Raynal, though with merits of his own, is entirely without this peculiarity. He writes as neatly and fluently and with as many picturesque touches as if he had been a reporter sent out to describe the Auckland Islands for a leading newspaper. We feel a certain shock to our confidence, as though we had expected to be introduced to a rugged sailor with tar-stained clothes and a quid in his mouth, and had met in his place a polished gentleman in the latest style of Parisian fashion. This indeed may be partly explained by the fact that M. Raynal was, as he tells us, originally brought up for the Bar, and was only driven to a life of adventure by family misfortunes. The book should rather be compared with Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* than with the performances of untaught seamen. Yet we are still haunted by a certain sense of the fictitious; the book smells, as it were, of the nautical romance, and a closer examination does not dispel the impression. A strict comparison between one or two points in the two narratives will explain this more clearly, and will illustrate either the disadvantages of too much literary refinement or the nature of the process by which a rough sailor's diary may be worked up for the market.

The first point which struck us was a curious parallel between the chapters in which M. Raynal and Captain Musgrave give their impression of sea-lions. As these animals were the main source of food for the castaway mariners, it is natural that they should pay particular attention to their peculiarities. It is, however, singular that they should have hit upon just the same remarks and given them in nearly the same order, except that M. Raynal's account is more elegantly expressed and better arranged. We cannot go into details, but anybody who should take the trouble to read the two would find it hard to believe that one was not based upon the other. We proceeded therefore to compare some of the adventures, with a rather odd result. In the *Naufragés*—which, as we have said, is elaborately illustrated—there is one very startling picture, which we took at first sight to be a representation of two sailors taking refuge on a small rock, in danger of submersion by a rising tide already nearly up to their waists. On referring to the text, it appears that this rock is the summit of a mountain, and that what we had taken for water is meant for a rising mist. M. Raynal and a certain Aleck Maclaren (who, in spite of his name, is called a Norwegian) had for the first time climbed a certain rocky summit, and the mist had risen so quickly that before they perceived it they were enveloped. They were afraid to move, being in one of those notorious places where a single false step might lead to destruction; and they remained an hour, till they were nearly frozen to death, when a sudden change of the wind released them. There is something about this story which will sound rather suspicious to mountaineers, though it is certainly not incredible. Referring, however, to Captain Musgrave's narrative, we find that he accompanied M. Raynal on his first climb. A mist arose, and, says Captain Musgrave, "we were very glad that we had not got to the top, and made our way back again as soon as possible. It would be exceedingly dangerous to be caught on the top of these mountains in one of those thick fogs; for sometimes you cannot see two yards before you, so that you would be obliged to stop until it cleared away, and in so doing you might perish with wet and cold." If these narratives refer to the same incident, as it seems that they must, Captain Musgrave's diary, written a few days afterwards, must have been very defective, or M. Raynal must have given us a fine example of an art sometimes delicately described as "embroidering." The hint upon which the French story is founded seems to be contained in the last hypothetical clause of Captain Musgrave's account.

Another comparison is also rather curious. Captain Musgrave tells us that, after a short stay, the discipline of the men showed some symptoms of a dangerous relaxation. As he pathetically remarks, "you might as well look for the grace of God in a Highlander's log-book as gratitude in a sailor; this is a well-known fact." However, he very wisely adopted a plan the success of which is gratefully recorded. He set up a kind of evening school, taught reading to those who had not acquired the art, and also regularly read prayers and expounded the Bible. We now turn to M. Raynal, and discover a very different and much more florid account of the mode in which, as he expresses it, the

"moral side of life" received due attention. M. Raynal, it seems, had been struck by the dangers of discord and the temptation to awkward outbursts of ill-temper. He reflected profoundly during part of one night upon these topics, and next morning had his plan ready. It was to choose, not a superior, but a *chef de famille*, "tempering the legal and indisputable authority of a magistrate by the affectionate condescension of a father, or rather of an elder brother." Accordingly he drew up a *règlement*, which was inscribed on one of the blank pages of Captain Musgrave's bible, and defined accurately the position and duties of the head of the family. He was to maintain order and union, to get rid by sage advice of every topic of discussion that might degenerate into dispute, to settle all quarrels, banishing from the community in case of need any refractory person, to distribute tasks, and in grave matters to make summary decisions. These rules, we are told, were accepted with the additional provision that the community might, in case of abuse of power, appoint a new head. Captain Musgrave was then unanimously elected. Now undoubtedly this constitution was far more worthy of a philosophical Frenchman, and was altogether a more dramatic arrangement, than poor Captain Musgrave's simple notion of enforcing discipline and reading the Bible to his men. But we have our own opinion as to which course of conduct would be most probable in the captain of a merchant schooner. In this, however, we find one example of a difference which pervades the two stories. Captain Musgrave speaks in high terms of the energy and skill of M. Raynal, who acted as carpenter, blacksmith, shipwright, and frequently as cook; but then he always speaks as a superior may speak of a subordinate, and attributes the origination of all important schemes to himself. M. Raynal, on the other hand, always speaks with the highest respect of Captain Musgrave's heroism and many good qualities, but he gives us distinctly to understand that he himself, M. Raynal, was the life and soul of the party. He possessed the cultivated intelligence to which, though his position was nominally subordinate, his companions naturally deferred. He speaks proudly of the ascendancy which he had gained over them, and the confidence he had won—a confidence, he adds, "due to the success which since the shipwreck had almost always attended my enterprises." It was he who originally proposed to build a ship in which they might escape to Australia; it was he who, when the task threatened to be above their powers, suggested the alternative of fitting up the small boat sufficiently to make the passage to New Zealand. He had reflected profoundly again upon these subjects, and after well considering them made the moving orations which induced his companions to accept them unanimously. From Captain Musgrave we have an entirely different account. He, according to his own statement, designed the ship, and when the attempt failed, it was his "tacit project and unalterable resolution to attempt a passage in the boat." He had, he tells us, given to this project his "serious and deliberate consideration for three months," and it was he who communicated the plan to the men. We can easily understand that each of two people might sincerely believe himself to be the originator of the plan finally adopted; but we fear that the lucid eloquence by which M. Raynal reconciled his companions to the designs which he had excoited must be reckoned rather amongst the speeches which ought to have been made than amongst those which have been actually spoken.

We need not go into further details, nor show how oddly various hints given by Captain Musgrave expand and blossom under M. Raynal's hands. They remind us of the Piper and Arthur in Clough's *Bothie* :—

Colouring lie, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
He to matter of fact still softening, paring, abating,
He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and ideal,
He to the merest it was restricting, diminishing, dwarfing.

And we cannot but feel that, if M. Raynal has written the prettier book, Captain Musgrave is more capable of securing our confidence. We do not for a moment doubt M. Raynal's veritable existence as a creature of flesh and blood, as well as the hero of a romance. If he had not possessed an objective reality, he could not have presented to the public library at Melbourne a pair of blacksmith's bellows made of sealskin, or a needle formed of an albatross bone. Moreover, we know, from Captain Musgrave's authority as well as from his own, that the safety of the castaways was owing in great measure to his ingenuity and energy. But we take it that the book was probably composed on the same system as the pictures. They give lively representations of scenes which it is obvious that the artist has never visited, and were compiled more at less at random from description or fancy. In the same way M. Raynal has probably supplied the raw material which has been dexterously worked up by some literary artist, who has put the whole into proper shape, giving, not unnaturally, rather more than due prominence to his hero, and making liberal use of hints supplied from Captain Musgrave's diary. Taking the book upon this footing, it is lively and amusing enough; and we have only two remarks to add. The first is, that it suffers rather in an artistic point of view from a too poetical treatment of facts, for the situation would probably have been brought out more forcibly by a strictly realistic description. The second is, that it is rather hard upon Captain Musgrave to have his adventures thus transmuted for the benefit of his subordinate; though perhaps this does not much matter, as M. Raynal describes Captain Musgrave as now living in a highly indefinite district somewhere near the sources of the Missouri.

HANDBOOK FOR WILTS, DORSET, AND SOMERSET.*

WE once fell in with a traveller who believed that all the red handbooks, British and foreign, which we study as we go from place to place, were the personal composition of Mr. Murray himself. If so, we must congratulate that versatile but over-worked author on having learned more in ten years than any other man in England. As far as the shires of the Wiltsets, Dorsetas, and Sumorsetas are concerned, the Murray—whether by that name we are to understand a man or an institution—of 1869 is something altogether different from the Murray of 1859. No doubt the world in general has learned something during those years, but the advance of Murray has surely been something greater than the average advance. If indeed we were all moving at the same rate, we should begin to think with Lord Dreddlington that “some day everything will be found out, and then what will become of man?” The truth is that the Murray for these shires which appeared in 1859 was very far behind what it ought to have been in 1859. All the chief points of interest were dealt with in a dull and unintelligent way. In the edition of 1869 they are dealt with as well as they are ever likely to be dealt with in a handbook. A handbook is essentially a compilation, and men of the very first rank in any branch of knowledge do not undertake compilations. But it is a great thing to have a compiler who understands the objects which he sees, and knows where to go for their illustration. There is just this difference between the Handbook of 1859 and the Handbook of 1869. It is enough to turn to a few of the great historical and architectural objects in the three shires, and to compare the way in which they are treated in the two editions. The compiler of 1859 had hardly got beyond the stage of knowing that these things ought to be attended to. He was very far from having reached the stage of knowing how to attend to them. The compiler of 1869 not only knows the importance of these things, but thoroughly enters into them, and goes to the best and latest lights for illustration. The difference may be seen by opening the book at almost any point; take, for instance, the account of Sherborne. The later writer has indeed had the advantage, which the earlier writer had not, of Professor Willis’s lecture at the Dorchester meeting of the Archaeological Institute in 1865; but the writer of 1859 might have made use of Mr. Petit’s memoir, published in the Bristol volume of 1851, and he need not have begun his account of the minster with such a piece of guide-book talk as this:—“The Abbey Church of St. Mary has much of the beauty and Gothic splendour of our ancient cathedrals. It exhibits, in common with such edifices, the architecture of different periods.” Instead of this sort of thing, the new writer gives us a thoroughly good descriptive and critical account of the building, and of that most instructive history of the disputes between the monks and the parishioners. It is of course all grounded on Professor Willis, but then this is just the use of a handbook, to put the results of the researches of men like Professor Willis into such a shape that every traveller may make use of them on the spot. Again, when we get outside the church into the monastic buildings we find in the old edition this marvellous account:—“On the N. side of the churchyard are some remains of the abbey, erected in the reign of Ethelred, consisting principally of the refectory, now used as a building for the manufacture of silk; on the E. side is a free school, founded by Edw. VI.” Now it is quite beyond our power to guess why Ethelred should have been picked out rather than any king before or after, or how anybody could have attributed the Gwesten Hall, called in the usual blundering way the refectory, to the time of any king who reigned in the days of round arches. Sherborne grammar-school, again, deserved a little more notice, and one would have thought that something more might have been said of the hospital than that it is “a venerable structure, originally a hospital of the Order of St. Augustine.” All this unintelligent way of writing, as far below the standard of 1859 as that of 1869, has vanished in the new edition. We get, for instance, a clear account of the hospital, one of the class in which domestic buildings of two stories open into the chapel. To return to the minster itself, we are glad to find the new editor joining with every man of taste in blaming the barbarous destruction of the Perpendicular addition by which the porch had been adapted to the rest of the building.

From Dorsetshire and Sherborne we pass to Wiltshire and Wilton. It seems almost incredible that the only mention which the earlier writer can find to make of the famous abbey is that the modern house “occupies the site of a monastery, given with the lands attached to it by Henry VIII. to Sir William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke.” This lack is supplied in the new edition, though the new editor, no longer having a Willis to guide him, is less successful with vanished Wilton than with still existing Sherborne, and we do not find it easy to follow or to verify all the details of his history. The following at least is amazing enough:—

St. Edith refused the abbesship her father wished her to receive, and died A.D. 984, at the early age of 23. Miracles were worked by her remains, and she became the patron saint of the convent. “I have very often seen her,” says the pseudo-Ingulf, “when only a boy I visited my father at the royal court.”

The rest of the well-known description follows. Now this is

* Handbook for Travellers in Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire. New Edition, with Travelling Maps and Plans. London: John Murray, 1869.

really too good. The *Scandalum Sanctorum* which seems everywhere to pursue the Confessor here takes a new form. Not long ago we had to review a book which charged him with being somebody’s father; here he is by implication charged with marrying his own aunt—an aunt moreover who, according to the writer’s own date, died nearly twenty years before he was born. For we need not say, as the writer has said it just before, that St. Edith of Wilton is Eadgyth the daughter of Eadgar and Wulfthryth, while the lady with whom Ingulf talked or did not talk is Eadgyth the daughter of Godwine, and wife of her sainted namesake’s nephew Eadward. It would also have been as well to have mentioned that this last Eadgyth, as her husband’s biographer tells us, rebuilt the church of Wilton of stone which had before been of wood. The writer goes on to tell us, not very clearly but with a good intention, that the “so-called see of Wilton was really that of Wiltshire, established at Ramsbury A.D. 909.” What he means to say is that Wilton never was a bishop’s see, and that the phrase “Wiltunensis” or “Wiltunensium Episcopus” has no reference to the town of Wilton, but means, according to the old tribal or territorial style, Bishop of the Wiltsets or of Wiltshire (Wiltunscir). The see, as he says, was at Ramsbury.

We thus see that our editor of 1869 is not infallible, and that something is still left for the editor of 1879 to do. But we do not find many such slips as the above, and, grotesque as the result is, we do not forget, what the initiated know very well, that to distinguish all the Eadgyths is nearly as hard as to distinguish the ten Burgundies. Did not Dr. Robert Vaughan charge Harold’s wife with all manner of crimes, just because he mistook her for Harold’s sister? After all, the mistakes are not worse than if Mary Stuart should be charged with burning Cramer as well as with blowing up Darnley, or than if any one should say that James the Second’s wife drove him from his throne and married his invading nephew. And when we get into Somersetshire, our corrector makes up for his error at Wilton by the very important correction which he makes at Porlock. The account in the old edition is delightful:—

In Saxon times it had a chase, and was considered a town of some importance, and on more than one occasion was selected by the Danes for plunder. In 1052 it was the scene of a more serious inroad, when Harold Earl of Essex [sic], having been banished to Ireland, collected a large force, with which he landed here and formed a camp. He then ravaged the camp. He then ravaged the neighbourhood, but being alarmed at the approach of the King, set fire to the town and sailed away. The remains of his camp may be seen S. of the church.

We once heard of a man who made Harold Hardrada land at Torbay, confounding him with William the Third. And there is a place where you may see the cup out of which, not William the Third, but William the Conqueror, drank tea. So the description of “Earl of Essex” makes one think that the writer of 1859 had somehow confounded Harold with Robert Devereux. Both came back from Ireland when they were not expected, and that surely is quite enough to identify them. Then comes Saint Eadward again in yet a new character, displaying an activity so unusual that it can be explained only by supposing that he had mistaken a man for a stag. We need not say that all about the camp, all about the King’s approach, and about burning the town is out of the writer’s own head, or at any rate not out of the Chronicles. The writer of 1869 sets these things right, except that we know no evidence for the camp, and that the expression “Saxon times” would perhaps better describe Western Somersetshire now than then:—

In Saxon times it had a chase, and was considered a town of some importance, and on more than one occasion it was selected by the Danes for their piratical inroads. It was the scene of a more serious attack, when Harold and his brother Leofwine, on their return from their banishment in Ireland, landed here with nine ships and formed a camp. Though they came as deliverers, their enterprise was looked on with suspicion by the men of Devon and Somerset, who met them in arms. After a severe conflict, in which “more than 30 good thanes and much other folk were slain,” the exiles had the victory. Harold carried off goods, cattle, and men, and sailed off round the Land’s End to meet Earl Godwin, his father.” The remains of their camp are shown S. of the ch.

Not far from Porlock, at Dunster, the old writer gave an account of the deeply interesting Priory church, which reminds one of nothing so much as of the *Table Talk* in the *Guardian* newspaper. It shows just the same marvellous gift of making statements which are verbally true, but which display more ignorance than any false statement. Here is Dunster Church as described in 1859:—

The Church, a remarkably large Gothic structure, appears from its architecture to have been built about the end of the reign of Henry V., or early in that of his successor. It consists of a nave, transept, chancel, and tower 90 feet high; but the chancel was separated from the rest of the building as early as 1499, in consequence of a dispute between the monks and parishioners, and has been long closed and neglected. Within it, however, are the monuments of the Mohuns and Luttrells. “By the law of England,” says Mr. Parker, “the chancel is distinct from the church, and each has to be kept in repair by a different party. Hence hundreds of chancels were destroyed at the Reformation to save expense.” The visitor will notice the screen of black oak which crosses the nave, and in the transept the eccentric horseshoe arch and oaken gates through which he may obtain a glimpse of the old chancel, and its mouldering effigies of ladies in antique dress, and knights sleeping in their armour. In the churchyard are remains of a cross, and in the buildings of the adjoining farm some fragments of the priory, founded for Benedictine monks by Sir William de Mohun, in the reign of the Conqueror. It was dedicated to St. George, and annexed as a cell to the abbey of St. Peter at Bath.

Now such a dull account as this was quite unpardonable, even in 1859, as the whole thing had been clearly set forth in the *Transac-*

tions of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society for 1854, a body of whose existence the writer was aware, and whose Transactions he sometimes quotes. In 1869 we get quite another story:—

The *Ch.* is one of some size and dignity, 168 ft. in length from E. to W., cruciform, with a central tower, and with some points of special ecclesiastical interest. The Minster type it displays is explained by its having been connected with a cell of Bath Abbey, founded here by Sir William de Mohun, in the reign of the Conqueror, of which some fragments still exist among the buildings of the adjacent farm, N. of the choir, including the prior's lodgings, with square-headed windows, and the conventional dove-cot. There is documentary evidence of the tower having been built in 1499, and this date would probably suit the larger part of the edifice, though it contains earlier fragments within. That which makes this *ch.* specially remarkable is the peculiarity of its internal arrangements. On entering, it will be seen that the transept and the whole space E. of the tower is cut off and disused, the altar being under the western tower-arch. Nor is this a modern arrangement, as is proved by the existence of a noble rood screen *in situ*, and the rood turret, some distance to the W. of the tower. Dunster Church, like many conventual churches, contains two churches under one roof. This has been so at least since 1499, when, in consequence of a dispute between the vicar of the parish and the prior of the cell, such as was continually arising in medieval times, when the same building was shared by two parties (see *Sherborne ante*), it was decided by the Abbot of Glastonbury that the monastic choir should be resigned to the sole use of the monks, and that the parishioners should make themselves a new choir in the nave. Accordingly the nave is still used for the parish services, while the choir, having at the Dissolution passed into the possession of the owners of Dunster Castle, has (as at Arundel) been allowed to fall into a lamentable state of neglect.

It is odd that the writer does not mention the puzzling fact of Dunster being sacked by Welshmen in the reign of Henry the Third.

The same process of correction and addition runs through the whole volume. One effect of it has been to raise the number of pages from 260 to 428, and the price from 7s. 6d. to 10s. But the difference between nonsense and sense is well worth half-a-crown. Nowhere is the improvement more conspicuous than in the Introductions, which have been promoted from the pre-scientific to the scientific stage. The present writer thoroughly understands the history, especially the early history, of the three shires, of which his predecessor had no idea whatever. The whole has been recast, or rather rewritten; the very arrangement of the book is entirely new, and the routes are laid down afresh with more regard to existing railways. Altogether, in this age of reform, there are few things in which reform has been more thorough than in the *Handbook to Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE most interesting of the American works of this month is a new edition of General Henry Lee's memoirs of the War of Independence in the States south of the Potomac*, in which he bore an active and prominent part. Among the Generals of the Revolution he was by no means the least daring, skilful, and successful; and though unfortunate in incurring unpopularity and censure, which galled his sensitive spirit and eventually drove him to resign his command, he appears to have been thoroughly true to the Republican cause, and to have enjoyed throughout the confidence and esteem of Washington. This edition is revised and prefaced with a memoir of the writer by the present representative of his family, who on the same field and in the same cause of national independence has achieved a fame yet more brilliant and enduring, and who, like his father, has retired into private life a fallen and defeated man. It is true that calumny itself has spared the spotless character of General R. E. Lee, and that even the bitterest enemies of his cause have paid a tribute of enforced respect to the honour, the gentleness, the genius, and the heroism of the great chief of the Confederate armies. Nevertheless there is in the fate of the son so much resemblance to that of the father as to lend a special pathos to the brief biography in which the hero of the Confederate struggle has endeavoured to exalt and to vindicate the memory of the soldier of the Revolution. Any work from the pen of General Lee would command attention, and there are features about the present volume which are of peculiar interest. The author keeps his own personality carefully in the background; and the reader, while he admires, cannot but regret the dignified reserve which disappoints his hope of learning from the biography of the father any particulars regarding the son, in whom many who cared comparatively little about the merits of his quarrel feel a deep personal interest, which the years spent since the close of the war in honourable and useful obscurity has in no way blunted or diminished. But the honest family pride displayed in the account of the ancestry of the Lees with which the memoir commences, and which incidentally vindicates against Northern sneers the claims of the leading families of Virginia to an illustrious origin, is an interesting trait in a character so perfectly free from personal vanity or ambition; and the narrative of the elder Lee derives a present value from the manner in which it illustrates and explains some of the peculiarities in which the later and the earlier struggle resemble each other. Among these are the comparative uselessness of cavalry in pitched fields and in the line of battle, and its brilliant exploits in detached service and in predatory and exploring expeditions. Henry Lee commanded a force of cavalry, to which

some companies of foot were added, somewhat resembling that organized by Mosby in Northern Virginia during the later years of the Confederacy, but of a less markedly irregular and guerilla character, and he might be called the Stuart or Ashby, as Marion and Sumter were the Morgan and Forrest, of the Revolutionary War. Such comparisons will have interest for others besides military readers, and this volume will furnish abundant material for them.

Another work on the Revolutionary War*, written from a totally different point of view, is now published, we believe for the first time, from the French MS. of Count William of Deux-Ponts, an ancestor of the present Royal Family of Bavaria, who served under Rochambeau. In most American histories the great assistance rendered by their allies to the Continental cause—assistance but for which the issue might have been different—is slurred over, suppressed, or depreciated, as in some Spanish histories of the Napoleonic war is the share of Wellington and the British army in the deliverance of the Peninsula; here we have an account of the closing struggle from the pen of one who saw it from the French point of view, and who is certainly disposed to render justice to the gallant force in which he served. The French is printed first, and followed by the translation, forming altogether, with the introduction, a volume of about two hundred octavo pages.

The employment of negro troops against the Confederates was not at first heartily approved in the North, and excited in the South a resentment at once passionate and contemptuous, giving rise to bitter threats of vengeance and retaliation which, to the honour of the Southern Government and generals, were, we believe, in no instance deliberately put into execution. But those white men who took commissions in negro regiments were naturally for the most part men of strong Abolitionist bias, and more than ordinarily hostile to the South, and disposed, therefore, to exaggerate alike the merits of the negro and the offences of his masters. This tendency is very obvious in the sketches before us of *Army Life in a Black Regiment*†, by Colonel Higginson. This officer, who commanded the first corps raised among the liberated slaves of the Atlantic seaboard, goes so far as to assert that there can be no doubt of the negro's equality to the white man in all soldierly qualifications, the only question being whether the former does not make the better soldier of the two; and the temper which prompts this exaggeration pervades his entire work. Putting aside, however, the writer's individual prejudices and extravagances, the narrative of his experiences in the performance of a novel and somewhat difficult task is lively and spirited, and many of the incidents which occurred in the process of turning fugitive or stolen slaves into soldiers are entertaining enough, and curiously illustrative of negro humour, as well as of negro ignorance and caprice.

Were it not for the title, no one would have discovered anything in the least degree comical about the *Comic History of the United States*‡. In the main it is dull, dry, and unamusing as the veriest text-book that ever disgusted school-girls with the most interesting of all studies, in the days of Mangual's Questions and Pinnock's Catechisms. It lacks indeed the decorum of history, just as American journals generally lack the dignity of style which English writers think appropriate to politics; it is full of metaphors drawn by preference from the lower duties of common life, and of slang expressions, such as are common in American conversation, and caricatured by American humorists. But anything like a joke, a witticism, or even a humorous way of representing events, we have sought in vain in its pages; the nearest approach to anything of the sort is the suggestion that the Confederates were unaware of their great victory at Manassas Junction; and even this is borrowed from the Biglow Papers. The illustrations hold a middle position between the artistic frescoes with which the genius of errand-boys sometimes adorns our street-doors or dead walls, and the primitive efforts of savage races at picture-writing; they may be ridiculous, and they are absurd, but they are as incapable of exciting a laugh or even a smile as the text itself. Altogether the book is about the dreariest piece of elaborate nonsense through which we ever struggled.

Fair Harvard § is a sketch of life at the American University whose boating prowess has rendered its name so familiar to English ears; not unlike, in quality and spirit, to some recent descriptions of life at Oxford and Cambridge, but as far superior to Verdant Green in one way as to Tom Brown in another. However, there are here and there some lively scenes and some characteristic incidents. The description of a game at football suggests that the perils and savagery of that peculiarly English game as played at Rugby and Cheltenham, much as they move the spirits of anxious fathers, are trifling compared with the ferocious practices of Harvard, where the ball seems to be comparatively neglected, and the game becomes a pitched battle, in which all the resources of the *pancratium*—running, wrestling,

* *My Campaigns in America. A Journal kept by Count William de Deux-Ponts, 1780-81.* Translated from the French Manuscript, with an Introduction and Notes, by Samuel Abbott Green. Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *Army Life in a Black Regiment.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late Colonel 1st South Carolina Volunteers. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

‡ *The Comic History of the United States, from a Period prior to the Discovery of America to Times long subsequent to the Present.* By John D. Sherwood. With Original Illustrations by Harry Scatchly. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

§ *Fair Harvard: a Story of American College Life.* New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

* *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States.* By Henry Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel, Commandant of the Partisan Legion during the American War. A New Edition, with Revisions and a Biography of the Author, by Robert E. Lee. New York: University Publishing Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

fisticuffs, &c.—are freely and vigorously employed. Other passages hint at the existence of a kind and degree of systematic organized bullying, chiefly practised by the senior classes upon their juniors, which surpasses anything we have heard of English public schools during the present generation.

English travellers in Europe and the Levant, as a rule, have ceased to publish their diaries, note-books, or letters home. The whole ground is so familiar, that even the vanity and garrulity traditionally ascribed to the race of travellers cannot flatter an ordinary visitor with the idea that he has anything new to say about the Nile and the Pyramids, Jerusalem and the Jordan. Unless he happen, like Mr. Russell and Mrs. Grey, to follow in the steps of a prince whose personal rank gives an interest to incidents as trivial and as devoid of novelty as those daily recorded in the *Court Circular*, or unless he be a scholar and investigator who can really hope to discover new materials for history under the ruins of Palestine or in the monuments of Egypt, the English tourist would as soon think of printing the diary of his gastronomical and theatrical experiences in Paris as of his voyage on the Nile or his flying visit to Athens. Americans are less careful about the interest attaching to their works, or more confident in the unsatiated curiosity of their countrymen regarding the minutiae of European and Oriental scenery and manners; and scarcely a month passes that does not bring under our notice three or four books whose writers have no better title to attention than may be acquired in the few days or weeks they have spent amid scenes which it is now a regular part of the education of a young Englishman of active tastes and easy fortune to visit, and which are of easier access, even to Americans, than Oregon or Colorado. Many of these volumes are profoundly uninteresting. But most people, and especially most Americans, are not sorry to learn something of the personal character and adventures of eminent men or celebrated women, even if there be nothing unusual or remarkable in either; and a skilful writer can give an agreeable flavour to any subject, even if the materials upon which his pains are bestowed be no better than the substance of a thrice-told tale. The two books now lying on our table, in so far as they are exceptions to the common mediocrity and sameness of American travels, owe their whole interest to the eminence, and their whole merit to the taste and tact, of the authors. There are few men or women of education to whom the name of Hawthorne is not a sufficient recommendation of almost any work whatsoever, or who will not welcome a record * of a visit paid in his society by the most intimate of companions, to some of the places, in our own country and in Italy, most interesting either in virtue of their own beauty or of the associations, personal and historical, that are inseparable from their names. Twelve years ago the gentlest and most graceful of American writers, in company with his wife, visited several of such English and Scottish scenes—Lincoln Cathedral, Newstead Abbey, Bolton Priory, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and the Trossachs, the scenery endeared to all lovers of British poetry by the writings of Scott and the life of Burns. In Italy they saw whatever Rome and Florence had to show most excellent in art or most remarkable in history, and Mrs. Hawthorne has now published the notes she made on that journey of all she saw and heard, of all that interested her, and of the impressions made upon her at the time by English scenery and Italian art. Her connexion with one so dear to the whole reading world would ensure a favourable reception for such a journal, apart from its own merits; but these are sufficient to warrant the popularity it will certainly attain. Something of the grace and tenderness of the author of the *Scarlet Letters* is discernible in its pages, or seems to be so, as we recall who was the companion whose presence is implied in the constant use of the first person plural. Another and smaller volume †, by W. C. Bryant, is chiefly occupied with the record of a visit to Egypt and Palestine; brief enough, and, for the rest, possessing such merits as could hardly be absent from anything that Mr. Bryant could write. The very depreciation by which Mr. Lowell, in his well-known satire, rebuked the extravagance of indiscreet panegyrist constitutes an acknowledgment of qualities which guarantee a certain superiority in all the productions of a poet against whom the charge of coldness, polish, and severity was the worst that could be preferred; and affords an assurance that his work will excel precisely in those respects in which Americans generally, particularly American travellers, and above all American travellers writing about Jerusalem and the Holy Land, are most liable to offend the taste of English readers.

"To pick the plums from the pudding," in literature as elsewhere, has always been held a proceeding of dubious morality and more than questionable wholesomeness. And perhaps in no subject it is less needful or less justifiable than in dealing with the history of Spain; a history so full of romantic incident, so rich in chivalric spirit, that the schoolboy must be idle indeed who could not get as far at least as the reign of Philip II. without thinking it necessary to skip those rare intervals of inaction, those passages describing the quieter progress of civilization and constitutional liberty, down to the time when the latter was violently crushed and the former began to decay, which delay here and there the more rapid course of the narrative of Moorish wars, Castilian chivalry, and oceanic discovery that forms the main thread of the national story of mediæval Spain. Mr. Abbott, however, has thought it necessary

to remove from the most indolent of readers all temptation to the sin of skipping by collecting all the plums together in his *Romance of Spanish History*.* To our taste the result is no more satisfactory than the metaphor would imply; there may be readers whose youthful stomachs and somewhat greedy appetites will relish it.

Ecce Femina † is a more sensible and less sensational work than might be expected from its sensational and rather worse than foolish title. It is, in substance if not actually in form, a reply to Mr. Mill's *Subjection of Women*, moderate in tone and tolerably sound in reasoning. The writer puts the case, not unfairly, on ground which will be very obnoxious to the majority of the advocates of sexual equality, but which they cannot logically dispute. If you claim the rights of men, he says, you must forego the privileges of women. If you are to mingle in the battle of life, at the Bar, in the Senate, in trade, in manual labour, you must expect the rough usage of combatants. If you will no longer be subject to men, you have no right to depend upon them; if you throw off the garb of humility and admitted weakness that has hitherto protected you, you throw off your hitherto confessed claim on the chivalry, the protection, the forbearance of man. And, whatever a few exceptional and epicene natures may say, there is no doubt that the vast majority of the sex would find the change infinitely to their disadvantage. This train of reasoning, elaborated in detail and supported by arguments from experience, and from social and physiological necessity, forms the staple of Mr. Carlos White's volume.

Among new editions, we find one of Longfellow's *The Building of the Ship* ‡, in duodecimo, beautifully got up, excellently printed, and tastefully illustrated; altogether one of the most gracefully executed works of the class corresponding in America to our Christmas gift-books. Also we have a complete edition of Lowell's *Poems* §; the first, so far as we know, that has contained the whole of the Biglow Papers. No one, whatever his party predilections, can read these without amusement and admiration for the skill and humour they display, if he knows anything of American politics, manners, and public men. No one who reads them attentively can fail to be struck with the contrast between the temper of the first and that of the second series; the one complaining of the ascendancy of the South in the Councils of the Union—an ascendancy, be it observed, purely moral and voluntarily accepted—and demanding earnestly, on that account, a dissolution of the Federal bond; the second vehemently advocating the establishment by force of arms of the physical supremacy of the North, and insisting that the South should pay dearly for acting on the poet's own advice that "we should go to work and part." In this inconsistency Mr. Lowell only reflects the change of popular opinion in his own State, which was only dis-Unionist until it appeared that Massachusetts might have the Union on her side; but it is his fate to have the strong expressions of opposite views printed side by side, in a way that forbids him to forget, as his neighbours may do, how few years have elapsed since he who hoped "to see Jeff. Davis hanged" for Secession was a Secessionist himself.

Mr. Epes Sargent, under the title of *The Woman who Dared* ||, publishes a whole volume of blank verse, narrating a story of modern domestic social life. It is difficult for any writer, not protected at once by the inspiration of genius and the shield of critical taste, to avoid in such a task falling into expressions whose familiar conventionality looks strangely out of place in the garb of verse; and into prosaisms which, clothed in metre, seem as grotesque as would a navy in the dress of a ballet-girl, and suggest an irrepressible sense of incongruity and burlesque. Whatever Mr. Sargent's merits, he has produced passages of this kind which—if only because they were the robes of poetry over forms so very unpoetical—would give our readers a hearty laugh; but which, if we had the cruelty, we have not the space to quote.

Letters from Eden ¶, and *Ten Years on the Euphrates* **, are both narratives of missionary life and experience in the interior of Asia Minor, by the same author. Unfortunately he does not belong to that rare class of missionaries who have the gift of discerning and describing all that is peculiar and interesting in the life, ideas, and habits of the people among whom their lot is cast, apart from the graver matters of their sacred profession, and who consequently

* *The Romance of Spanish History*. By John S. C. Abbott, Author of "The French Revolution," "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," &c. &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Ecce Femina: an Attempt to solve the Woman Question. Being an Examination of Arguments in favour of Female Suffrage by John Stuart Mill and Others, and a Presentation of Arguments against the proposed Change in the constitution of Society*. By Carlos White. Hanover, N. H.: published by the Author. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

‡ *The Building of the Ship*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

§ *The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*. Complete Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1869.

|| *The Woman who Dared*. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

¶ *Letters from Eden; or, Reminiscences of Missionary Life in the East*. By Rev. C. H. Wheeler, Missionary in Eastern Turkey. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston. London: Trübner & Co.

** *Ten Years on the Euphrates; or, Primitive Missionary Policy Illustrated*. By Rev. C. H. Wheeler, Missionary in Eastern Turkey. With an Introduction by Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Notes in England and Italy*. By Mrs. Hawthorne. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

† *Letters from the East*. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

are able to tell us much more of the real nature and inner life of Oriental or African races than we can learn from those who have only visited them as travellers, or sojourned among them, but apart from them, as Governors or antiquaries. Considering what advantages missionaries possess for producing works of deep and lasting interest, if only they would write for the public and not for the Church, as observers and not as preachers, it is strange how seldom their opportunities have been turned to profit. The present works are hardly an exception to the rule.

Mr. Weaver's *Hopes and Helps for the Young** consists of a series of those moral lectures, undoubtedly sound and just in their way, and conveying valuable and useful advice, of which the supply so much exceeds the demand; which so many pastors, parents, and guardians are ready to deliver, and which so few of their charges can be brought to receive with due attention or gratitude.

Wright's American Receipt Book† contains a vast number of prescriptions for the preparation of an infinite variety of useful articles, and the execution of multifarious artistic and mechanical tasks, ranging from engraving in alto-relievo to Japan black, and from transparent soap to the choice of a Christmas (or Thanksgiving) turkey. We fear, however, that in many cases the directions are too brief and incomplete to be of much practical service.

White and Red‡ is a story of backwoods life and adventure—a boy's book written in imitation of Cooper's novels, which, after all, delight boys more than nine-tenths of the books expressly written for them.

* *Hopes and Helps for the Young of both Sexes, relating to our Formation of Character, choice of Avocation, Health, Amusement, Music, Conversation, Cultivation of Intellect, Moral Sentiment, Social Affection, Courtship, and Marriage.* By Rev. G. S. Weaver, Author of "Lectures on Mental Science," &c. &c. New York: S. K. Wells. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Wright's Book of Three Thousand Practical Receipts; or, Complete Book of Reference. Containing Valuable and Important Receipts for Medicine, Cookery, Pastry, Preserving, Pickling, Confectionery, Distilling, Perfumery, Varnishing, Chemicals, Dyeing, and Agriculture.* By A. S. Wright. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *White and Red; a Narrative of Life among the North-West Indians.* By Helen C. Weeks, Author of the "Ainslie Stories," and "Grandpa's House." With Eight Illustrations by A. P. Chase. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

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Sum Assured, inclusive of Bonus Additions, at that date	5,380,759 2 11
Estimated Liability thereon (Northampton Table of Mortality, 3 per cent. Interest)	1,481,509 0 0
That is less than one-half the Fund invested.	
Total Amount of Bonus Additions made to Policies	2,805,659 19 9
Amount of Profits divided for the Seven years ending 20th August, 1869	332,369 7 8
Annual Income	31,187 14 3
Total Claims paid—inclusive of Bonus Additions	6,927,014 7 7

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The Balance-Sheet shows the following Assets:	
Consols, &c. (Market Value, £70,000)	£55,467 8 8
Loans on Land	310,215 17 5
Ditto on own Policies within their present value	19,389 11 11
Ditto other Securities	12,850 7 9
Premiums in Edinburgh, London, &c.	9,962 8 5
In Bank, awaiting Investment, and Cash	31,369 10 4
Premiums due at May 15, 1869, since received	18,250 11 2
Invested Funds	£476,515 18 8

The Company's Assets consist further of the present value of the future Net Premiums, which at May 1869 was £267,115 17s. 7d., and the value of Re-assurance Policies held from other Offices, £70,225 10s. 6d.

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